

★ Oct. 12, 1940

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NEW YORKER

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

JOURNEY TO JERUSALEM—Maxwell Anderson shows us Jesus Christ as a boy of twelve, with His first vision of the magnificent and terrible future. A fine idea that unfortunately doesn't quite work out. With Sidney Lumet, Arlene Francis, and Arnold Moss. (National, 41, W. PE 6-8220. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

KIND LADY—A revival of one of the best melodramas in years. Grace George is still magnificent as the London hostess who entertains just exactly the wrong people. (Playhouse, 48, E. BR 9-2628. 8:45. Mats. 2:45, Wed. and Sat.)

LIFE WITH FATHER—The late Clarence Day's rich and affectionate biography of his family adapted for the stage by Howard Lindsay and Russel Crouse. Not quite as lifelike as the book, but very amusing and satisfactory anyway. Mr. Lindsay is Father and Dorothy Stickney is Mother. (Empire, B'way at 40. PE 6-9340. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

THE MAN WHO CAME TO DINNER—A writer who talks like Alexander Woolcott drops in on an Ohio family who have been bothering nobody. Monty Woolley is brilliant in the principal part. (Music Box, 45, W. CI 6-4636. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Thurs. and Sat.)

SEPARATE ROOMS—Something about a man whose wife prefers to share her room with a little dog. Pleasant enough in its childish way. With Glenda Farrell, Lyle Talbot, and Alan Dinehart. (Plymouth, 45, W. CI 6-9156. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

THERE SHALL BE NO NIGHT—The Theatre Guild and the Playwrights' Company have given Robert E. Sherwood's impressive and passionate indictment of isolationism a beautiful production, and the Lunts are practically perfect in it. The cast includes Richard Whorf, Sydney Greenstreet, Montgomery Clift, and Elisabeth Fraser. (Alvin, 52, W. CO 5-4114. 8:35. Mats. 2:35, Thurs. and Sat.)

THE TIME OF YOUR LIFE—The William Saroyan play about a far more charming group of drunkards, prostitutes, liars, and imbeciles than you will ever meet on Fifty-second Street. Julie Haydon and Eddie Dowling head the lost souls. (Guild, 52, W. CO 5-8229. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Thurs. and Sat. Closes Sat., Oct. 19.)

TOBACCO ROAD—Seventh year. With Will Geer. (Forrest, 49, W. CI 6-8870. 8:45. Mats. 2:45, Wed. and Sat.)

WITH MUSIC

BOYS AND GIRLS TOGETHER—Ed Wynn as Ed Wynn in a very funny and handsome revue. He is helped along from time to time by Jane Pickens, Dave Apollon, the De Marcos, and two wonderful acrobats. (Broadhurst, 44, W. CI 6-6699. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

DU BARRY WAS A LADY—A big and bawdy but funny show, with Gypsy Rose Lee, Bert Lahr, and music by Cole Porter. (46th Street, 46, W. CI 6-6075. 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Wed. and Sat.)

GILBERT AND SULLIVAN—The Lyric Opera Company, an American group, presenting "The Mikado," Thurs. through Sat., Oct. 10-12; "Trial by Jury" and "The Pirates of Penzance," Mon. and Tues., Oct. 14-15; "The Mikado," Wed. and Thurs., Oct. 16-17; and "The Gondoliers," Fri. and Sat., Oct. 18-19. (44th Street, 44, W. LA 4-4337. 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Wed. and Sat.)

HELLZ-A-POPPIN—A collection of vaudeville acts crazily supervised by Olsen and Johnson, who do everything but assassinate the audience. (Winter Garden, B'way at 50. CI 7-5161. 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Wed. and Sat.)

HOLD ON TO YOUR HATS—Al Jolson has come back to sing "Mammy," "Sonny Boy," "April Showers," and practically anything else your old-fashioned heart desires. The plot isn't much, but who cares? Martha Raye, Jack Whiting, and Bert Gordon assist energetically. (Shubert, 44, W. CI 6-5990. 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Wed. and Sat.)

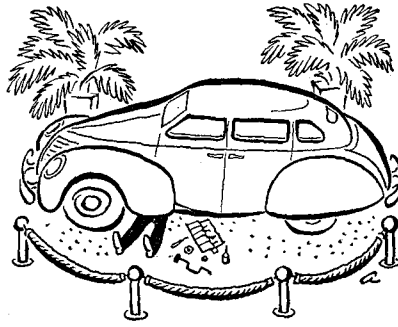
LOUISIANA PURCHASE—Vera Zorina, William Gaxton, Irene Bordon, and a lot of other people try to hamper Victor Moore in his efforts to clean up New Orleans. A fine musical comedy, with a book by Morrie Ryskind and songs by Irving Berlin. (Imperial, 45, W. CO 5-7889. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes, so you'd better verify the dates and curtain times.)

IT HAPPENS ON ICE—Joe Cook in an ice revue. Sonja Henie is mixed up in it somehow, but not as a performer. Norman Bel Geddes has designed the settings and costumes. Opens Thurs., Oct. 10. (Center, 6 Ave. at 49. CO 5-5474. Tues. through Sun. Eves. at 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Wed. and Sat.)

BOYD'S DAUGHTER—A comedy by St. John Ervine, with



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS WORTH WHILE

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, OCTOBER 10, THROUGH SATURDAY, OCTOBER 19.

Whitford Kane and Hiram Sherman. Opens Fri., Oct. 11. (Booth, 45, W. CI 6-5969. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

SECOND HELPING—A comedy by David Carey, produced by Monte Proser and Walter Batchelor. Opens Sat., Oct. 12. (Hudson, 44, E. BR 9-0296. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

GEORGE WASHINGTON SLEPT HERE—A comedy by George S. Kaufman and Moss Hart, with Ernest Truex, Jean Dixon, and Ruth Weston. Staged by Mr. Kaufman and produced by Sam H. Harris. Opens Mon., Oct. 14. (Lyceum, 45, E. BR 9-0546. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

BLIND ALLEY—A revival of the James Warwick play that was produced here six years ago. Roy Hargrave will play his original rôle. Opens Tues., Oct. 15. (Windsor, 48, E. PE 6-4891. 8:45. Mats. 2:45, Thurs. and Sat.)

CHARLEY'S AUNT—José Ferrer and Nedda Harrigan in a revival of a timeworn farce. Produced by Day Tuttle and Richard Skinner. Opens Thurs., Oct. 17. (Cort, 48, E. BR 9-0046. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

MISCELLANY

SIM SALA BIM—A sort of variety show, with magic and mystery, girls and music worked into a series of skits. (Morosco, 45, W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, including Sun. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

(A listing of some places where, with a few indicated exceptions, you will find music or other entertainment. Fill-in orchestras may be substituted here and there on Mon. Eves.)

AMBASSADOR GARDEN, Park at 51 (WI 2-1000)—

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THE NEW YORKER

25 WEST 43RD STREET

TELEPHONE

ADVERTISING & SUBSCRIPTIONS, BRYANT 9-6300

EDITORIAL OFFICE, BRYANT 9-8200

Larry Siry's orchestra plays for dancing in this green and pleasant place.

BILTMORE, Madison at 43 (MU 9-7920)—Ray Heatherton is in the Bowman Room with his orchestra and sundry other entertainers.

CAFÉ PIERRE, 5 Ave. at 61 (RE 4-5900)—Felix Ferry is in charge of things here. Bob Knight's orchestra provides the music at the supper hour.

EL MOROCCO, 154 E. 54 (EL 5-8769)—You'll never guess what they have here now. Zebra stripes! They have Jack Towne's orchestra, too, and a rumba band.

FÉFÉ'S MONTE CARLO, 49 E. 54 (PL 5-7341)—A big and handsome setting for de-luxe outings, with Ted Straeter's orchestra and a rumba band. Must dress, unless you're just going to sit in the bar.

LA MARTINIQUE, 57 W. 57 (PL 5-5757)—One of the nicer ones in the Latin-American category, which is getting to be quite a category. Val Olman's orchestra and a rumba band.

LARUE, 45 E. 58 (VO 5-6374)—Favored by folk who interpret dinner dancing literally and like to take their time about it. Joseph C. Smith's and Eddie Davis's orchestras help out.

LE COQ ROUGE, 65 E. 56 (PL 3-8887)—A small, attractive spot, with Val Ernie's orchestra.

MONTFARNASSE, Madison at 79 (BU 8-2345)—A handy oasis for upper East Siders, and agreeable enough for anyone else willing to travel a bit off the beaten path. Two orchestras play for dancing.

PLAZA, 5 Ave. at 58 (PL 3-1740)—The Persian Room has just reopened, with Dick Gasparre's orchestra, Dixie Dunbar, and John Buckmaster. Formal dress required on the dance floor after 10 P.M.

RAINBOW ROOM, R.C.A. Bldg. (CI 5-9000)—The present show and Ben Cutler's orchestra will be replaced on Wed., Oct. 16, by Jack Cole, Elsie Houston, Vicente Gomez, and Eddie LeBaron's orchestra. From then on, formal dress will be required on the dance floor after 10 P.M. . . . Barry Winton's orchestra will keep right on playing in the Rainbow Grill.

ST. REGIS, 5 Ave. at 55 (PL 3-4500)—Hal Saunders' orchestra and an ice revue are in the Iridium Room. Formal dress required on the dance floor.

SAVOY-PLAZA, 5 Ave. at 59 (VO 5-2600)—Dwight Fiske will replace Hildegarde in the Café Lounge on Fri., Oct. 18. Emile Petti's orchestra will stay on.

STORK CLUB, 3 E. 53 (PL 3-1940)—A good address, just off the Avenue. Jack Harris's orchestra and a rumba band.

VERSAILLES, 151 E. 50 (PL 8-0310)—Among the East Side's larger ones, with Sheila Barrett, Paul Draper, and music by Maximilian Bergère's orchestra and Panchito's rumba band.

WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park at 49 (EL 5-3000)—The Sert Room is open again, with Eddy Duchin's orchestra, a South American dance team called Los Chavallitos Sevillanos, and, at the supper hour, Carol Bruce. Must dress. . . . Mischa Borr's orchestra plays for dinner dancing in the informal Empire Room. . . . Nat Brandwynne's orchestra is back in the Lounge Restaurant, playing for supper dancing.

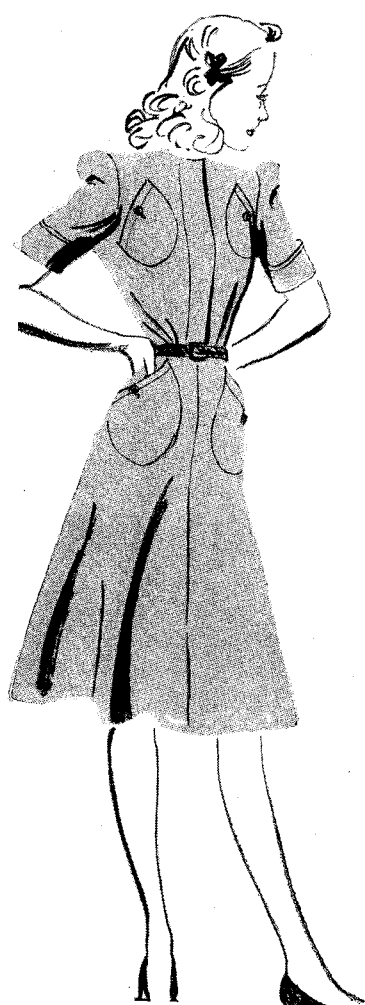
MISCELLANEOUS—At **LE RUBAN BLEU**, 4 E. 56 (EL 5-9787): Casper Reardon and Paula Lawrence, and a new stage arrangement that gives everybody a little more room. No dancing. . . . **ARMANDO'S**, 54 E. 55 (PL 3-0760): Frank Mandella's orchestra, not much floor space, and all nice and cozy. . . . **SPICY'S ROOF**, 139 E. 57 (EL 5-9215): Billie Haywood and Cliff Allen, among others, on top of an office building. No dancing. . . . **CLUB CUBA**, 125 E. 54 (EL 5-2922): lots of conga music in a not-too-equatorial setting. . . . **PAGO PAGO CLUB**, 139 E. 55 (PL 3-8880): a new tropical one, in the old but very much done-over American Music Hall. . . . **LA CONGA**, 205 W. 51 (CI 5-8980): a downstairs place, with South American entertainment and, through Tues., Oct. 15, Eddie LeBaron's band. . . . **PENTHOUSE CLUB**, 30 Central Pk. S. (PL 3-6910): a lofty hideaway for dinner and supper, with soft music to listen to and the lights of Central Park to look at down below. . . . **CASINO RUSSE**, 157 W. 56 (CI 6-1116): handy for dropping into after a concert—it's practically in Carnegie Hall. . . . **WARWICK**, 65 W. 54 (CI 7-2700): a secluded cranny, with a mite of a dance floor and, starting Mon., Oct. 14, Ray Benson's orchestra. . . . **ROOSEVELT**, Madison at 45 (MU 6-9200): Guy Lombardo's orchestra. . . . **NEW YORKER HOTEL**, 8 Ave. at 34 (ME 3-1000): Abe Lyman's orchestra and an ice show. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE**, 160 Central Pk. S. (CI 7-0300): Shep Fields' orchestra. No dancing Mon. . . . **PENNSYLVANIA**, 7 Ave. at 33 (PE 6-5000): Glenn Miller's orchestra. . . . **ST. MORITZ**, 50 Central Pk. S. (WI 2-5800): Eddie Varzos' orchestra. . . . **BILL'S GAY NINETIES**, 57 E. 54 (EL 5-8231): auld lang syne

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12⁹⁵

Introducing: Fire Pinks

New Botany colors! In those famous wisp-woolens from our exclusive Posy Pringle collection for Fall. Besides the pinks sketched...also in Blue Flame, Aqua Light, 9 to 17...12.95. Young Elite Shop, Seventh Floor, New York. Also Chicago, Detroit, Beverly Hills

12⁹⁵

SAKS FIFTH AVENUE

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

—loud but pleasant. No dancing. . . JIMMY KELLY's, 181 Sullivan (AL 4-1414): a lively late spot for the sturdy. . . VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 7 Ave. S., at 11 (CH 2-9355): a casual little cellar place, with, except Mon., some Calypso singers and, except Tues., Zutty Singleton's Trio.

BROADWAY ATMOSPHERE—At the DIAMOND HORSESHOE, 235 W. 46 (CI 6-6500): a Billy Rose show, with Gilda Gray, Blanche Ring, and Julian Eltinge. . . BEACHCOMBER, B'way at 50 (CI 6-0644): a not-too-languorous South Sea setting, with, except Mon., Sonny Kendis's orchestra. . . HURRICANE, B'way at 49 (CI 6-7147): another tropical affair, with Eddie Bush's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band. . . 18 CLUB, 20 W. 52 (EL 5-9858): Jack White isn't any too delicate about his quips, but nobody seems to mind.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC—At the HICKORY HOUSE, 144 W. 52 (CI 7-9524): Joe Marsala's orchestra playing for customers who'd rather listen than dance. Adele Girard is there, too, with her harp. . . CAFÉ SOCIETY, 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737): a Village institution, with Sister Tharpe, Art Tatum, Meade Lux Lewis, and Joe Sullivan's band. Closed Mon. . . NICK'S, 7 Ave. at 10 (WA 9-9742): another Village place, with, except Mon., Bobby Hackett's orchestra and the Spirits of Rhythm.

FOREIGN FLAVOR—Scandinavian: CASTLEHOLM, 344 W. 57 (CI 7-0873); and QUEEN MARY, 40 E. 58 (PL 3-2313). . . Polish: POLISH RESTAURANT, 151 E. 57 (PL 3-2816). . . Russian: KRETCHMA, 244 E. 14 (GR 7-9784). . . Latin: EL CHICO, 80 Grove, at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646); and CLUB GAUCHO, 245 Sullivan (GR 7-4833).

OUT OF TOWN

DINNER IN THE COUNTRY—Places to dine (usually without dancing) while motoring—BETHPAGE, L.I.: Beau Séjour (Hicksview 91). . . LAKE SUCCESS, L.I.: Lakeville Manor Inn (Great Neck 2790). . . OAKDALE, L.I.: Stirrup Cup Castle (Sayville 889). . . SMITHTOWN, L.I.: Riverside Inn (Smithtown 1016). . . SOUTH HUNTINGTON, L.I.: Round Hill Restaurant, on Jericho Turnpike (Huntington 1371). . . SYOSSET, L.I.: Stockholm, on Jericho Turnpike (Syosset 1749). . . WESTHAMPTON, L.I.: Casa Basso (Westhampton 1841). . . AMAWALK, N.Y.: Benedusi's, on Route 202 (Yorktown Heights 984). . . COLD SPRING, N.Y.: Harbor Hill Inn, on Lane Gate Rd., off Route 301 (Cold Spring 975). . . DOVER PLAINS, N.Y.: Old Drover's Inn, on Route 22 (Dover Plains 2781). . . HAWTHORNE, N.Y.: Valley View Farm, on Old Saw Mill River Rd., near P'kway (Pleasantville 120). . . MT. KISCO, N.Y.: Lawrence Farms Inn, on Route 117 (Mt. Kisco 5324). . . NEW CITY, N.Y.: French Farms (New City 081). . . POUNDRIE, N.Y.: Emily Shaw's Inn (Bedford Village 9371), and Rainbow Tea House (Bedford Village 616). . . BRIDGEWATER, CONN.: Hilltop Farm (New Milford 830). . . DANBURY, CONN.: White Turkey Inn, on Route 7 (Danbury 4548). . . NORWALK, CONN.: Silvermine Tavern, Perry and Silvermine Aves. (Norwalk 88). . . REDDING RIDGE, CONN.: Spinning Wheel (Redding 67). . . RIDGEFIELD, CONN.: Outpost Inn, on Route 33 (Ridgefield 882); dancing Fri. and Sat. Eves. . . WESTPORT, CONN.: Cobb's Mill Inn, on Route 57 (Westport 4330), dancing Sat. Eves.; and Red Barn, off Merritt P'kway (Westport 3971). . . ALPINE, N.J.: Le Petit Pavillon Royal, on Route 9W (Closter 788). . . BERNARDSVILLE, N.J.: Old Mill Inn, on Route 32 (Bernardsville 70). . . DOYLESTOWN, PA.: Water Wheel Tavern, Old Route 611 (Doylestown 7941).

ART

ANDRÉ—Tasteful, capably done oils by an Impressionist of the old school: Durand-Ruel, 12 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Oct. 26.

DE CREEPY—Eight sculptures, all of them good and two or three very good, by this mingler of modernism and the archaic; also, a well-chosen group of paintings by foreign and native artists: Passe-doit, 121 E. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Oct. 11.

EARLY AMERICAN—Portraits, some having considerable distinction, in a collection that includes about all the well-known Colonial painters—Stuart, Copley, etc.—as well as several who are less well known: Ferargil, 63 E. 57. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; Sat., 9:30 A.M. to 12 noon; through Oct. 26.

EDUCATIONAL ALLIANCE—Twenty-fifth anniversary exhibition of this famous East Side art school, featuring works by such distinguished alumni as Chaim Gross, Peter Blume, Philip Evergood, and many others: Associated American Artists', 711 5 Ave., at 55. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Oct. 22.

EUROPEANS AND AMERICANS—Oils by Albert Gleizes, Max Weber, Kandinsky, and other modernist pioneers: New Art Circle (formerly the Neumann-

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FROM THURSDAY, OCTOBER 10,
THROUGH SATURDAY, OCTOBER 19.

Willard Gallery), 543 Madison, at 55. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Nov. 30.

GROUPS—At the WALKER, 108 E. 57: an agreeable collection of Americans, early and modern. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Oct. 12. . . CONTEMPORARY ARTS, 38 W. 57: over a hundred painters in the annual pre-season jury show. Mainly young, their work is lively, exploratory, and generally refreshing. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M. (also Mon. Eve., 8:30 to 11:30); Sun., 2:30 to 5:30 P.M.; through Oct. 25.

KLEE—A hundred paintings and water colors in a memorial show of this Swiss artist's work that's likely to remain the definitive one for some time. Worth seeing: Buchholz and Willard Galleries, both at 32 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Nov. 2.

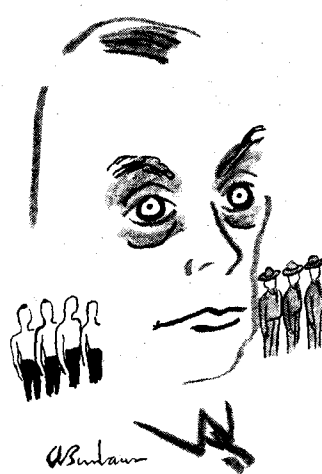
MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53—An exhibition of ninety-odd paintings by the important Brazilian painter Candido Portinari. Wed., 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; other weekdays, 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 12 noon to 6 P.M.; through Nov. 17.

PIPPIN—Paintings by a modern primitive with a particularly well-developed color sense: Bignou, 32 E. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Oct. 12.

PORTRAITS—At 460 PARK AVENUE, at 57: pleasant things by Marjorie Ryerson and Henriette Wyeth in a generally conservative collection. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Nov. 2. . . ARTISTS', 113 W. 13: Ben-Zion, Maurice Becker, and others in an uneven but vigorously contrasted exhibition. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M. (also Thurs. Eve., 8 to 10); Sun., 3 to 6, and 8 to 10 P.M.; through Oct. 14.

RADULOVIC—First one-man showing by a painter who, when he's working with subjects he knows, displays a good sense of rhythm and design: A.C.A., 52 W. 8. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Oct. 12.

RIVERSIDE MUSEUM, 310 Riverside Dr., at 104—A comprehensive exhibition of paintings, sculptures, and prints by contemporary Brazilian, Dominican,



COL. ARTHUR V. MCDERMOTT,

a figure of some importance to all male New Yorkers between twenty-one and thirty-five. On October 16th, as Director of the Selective Service and Training Act for New York City, he'll supervise the registration of our 1,107,000 eligibles. Colonel McDermott has held every rank in the National Guard from private to his present one. He served in France with the 106th Infantry Regiment, receiving four medals. In his civilian moments he's a lawyer, with the local firm of Burke & Burke, and lives in Brooklyn.

Ecuadorian, Mexican, and Venezuelan artists. Tues. through Sat., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 6 P.M.; through Oct. 20.

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 10 W. 8—Nineteenth- and twentieth-century paintings, sculptures, and black-and-whites from the Museum's permanent collection. Tues. through Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through Oct. 23.

HERE AND THERE—At HOLLAND HOUSE, 10 Rockefeller Plaza: cartoons by Louis Raemaekers. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Oct. 18. . . MACBETH, 11 E. 57: paintings by present-day Americans. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Nov. 2. . . MILCH, 108 W. 57: recent paintings by a group of American artists. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Oct. 19. . . FRENCH ART, 51 E. 57: modern French paintings. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Nov. 2. . . ARDEN, 460 Park, at 57: paintings on linen by Norman Jacobsen. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Oct. 19. . . MATISSE, 51 E. 57: paintings by French moderns. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Oct. 19. . . PERLS, 32 E. 58: paintings by Darrel Austin. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Nov. 2. . . F.A.R., 19 E. 61: posters and theatre programs by Toulouse-Lautrec. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Oct. 31.

NOTE—Washington Square is having its semiannual outdoor art exhibit, with artists showing their wares on the sidewalks daily through Sun., Oct. 13, from about 10 A.M. until dusk.

MUSIC

(The box-office telephone number for Carnegie Hall and the Carnegie Chamber Music Hall is CI 7-7460; for Town Hall, it's BR 9-9447. Other box-office numbers are listed below.)

PHILHARMONIC SYMPHONY—Barbirolli conducting: Carnegie Hall, Thurs. Eve., Oct. 10, at 8:45; Fri. Aft., Oct. 11, at 2:30; Sun. Aft., Oct. 13, at 3; Thurs. Eve., Oct. 17, at 8:45; Fri. Aft., Oct. 18, at 2:30; Fri. Eve., Oct. 18, at 8:30 (benefit; soloists, Ricci and Kent).

PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA—Ormandy conducting: Carnegie Hall, Tues. Eve., Oct. 15, at 8:45.

ORCHESTRE CLASSIQUE—Frederique Petrides conducting: Carnegie Chamber Music Hall, Mon. Eve., Oct. 14, at 8:30.

NEW SCHOOL CHAMBER ORCHESTRA—Klemperer conducting: New School for Social Research, Wed. Eve., Oct. 16, at 9. (66 W. 12. AL 4-2567.)

NOTE—The Museum of Modern Art, to point up its exhibition of paintings by the Brazilian artist Portinari, will present a series of concerts of Brazilian music, with, among others, the following: Elsie Houston, and Burle Marx conducting a chamber orchestra, Wed. Eve., Oct. 16, at 9, and Thurs. Aft., Oct. 17, at 4; Elsie Houston, and Hugh Ross conducting the Schola Cantorum, Fri. Eve., Oct. 18, at 9, and Sat. Aft., Oct. 19, at 4. (11 W. 53. CI 5-8900.)

RECITALS

CARNEGIE HALL—Shura Cherkassky, Wed. Eve., Oct. 16, at 8:30.

TOWN HALL—Jacques Abram, Mon. Eve., Oct. 14, at 8:30; Erno Balogh, Tues. Eve., Oct. 15, at 8:30; Nora Fauchald, Wed. Eve., Oct. 16, at 8:30.

BALLET

BALLET Russe de Monte Carlo—Leonide Massine and his company in a repertoire of new and old ballets: "Poker Game," "Vienna—1814," and "Rouge et Noir," Mon. and Tues. Eves., Oct. 14-15. . . "Poker Game," "Vienna—1814," and "Gaité Parisienne," Wed. Eve., Oct. 16. . . "Serenade," "The Nutcracker," and "Capriccio Espagnol," Thurs. Eve., Oct. 17. . . "Serenade," "The New Yorker," and "Gaité Parisienne," Fri. Eve., Oct. 18, and Sat. Aft., Oct. 19. . . "Baiser de la Fée," "Rouge et Noir," and "Vienna—1814," Sat. Eve., Oct. 19. (51st Street Theatre, B'way at 51. CI 7-5545. Eves. at 8:30; Mat. at 2:30.)

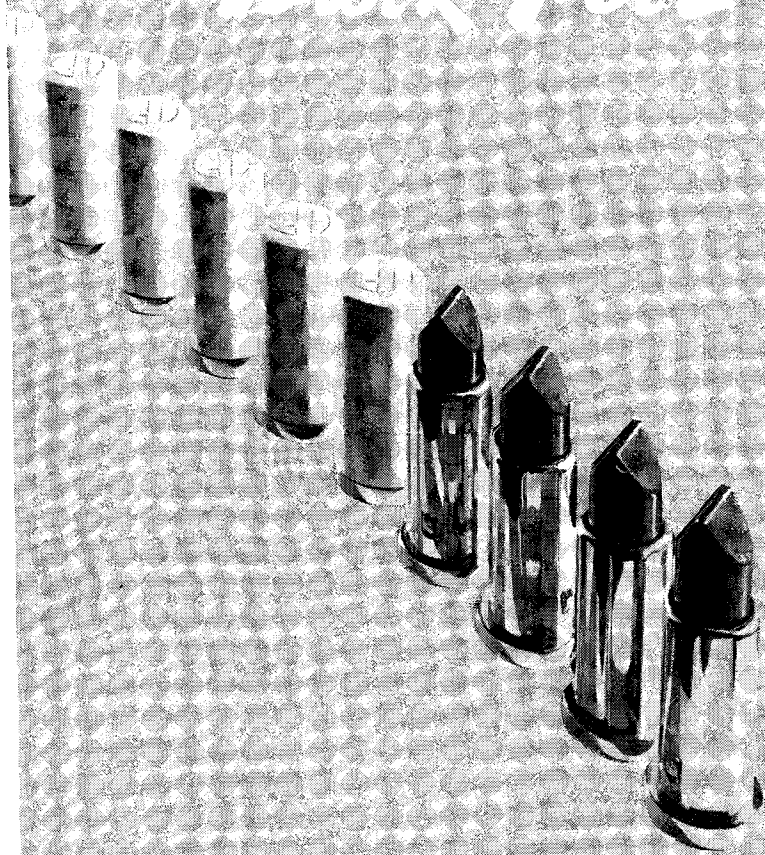
SPORTS

FOOTBALL—On SAT. AFT., OCT. 12: Fordham vs. Tulane, Polo Grounds, at 2; N.Y.U. vs. Syracuse, Yankee Stadium, at 2; Army vs. Cornell, West Point, at 2; Dartmouth vs. Columbia, Hanover, at 2; Pennsylvania vs. Yale, Philadelphia, at 2; Princeton vs. Navy, Princeton, at 2; Harvard vs. Michigan, Cambridge, at 2:30.

SAT. AFT., OCT. 19: Columbia vs. Georgia, Baker Field, at 2; N.Y.U. vs. Holy Cross, Yankee Stadium, at 2; Cornell vs. Syracuse, Ithaca, at 2; Harvard vs. Army, Cambridge, at 2; Navy vs. Drake, Annapolis, at 2; Pennsylvania vs. Princeton, Philadelphia, at 2; Pittsburgh vs. Fordham, Pittsburgh, at 2; Yale vs. Dartmouth, New Haven, at 2.

The last trains which ought to get you to out-of-town games in time for the kickoff leave: for West Point, from the W. 42 St. ferry, 11:03 A.M.; for Hanover, sleeper from Grand Central, Fri. at 11:50 P.M.; for Philadelphia, from Penn. Station, 11:30 A.M.; for Princeton, from Penn. Sta-

Germaine Monteil
presents
Dark Fire



A BRILLIANT NEW MAKEUP

AS ORIGINAL AND FASHION INSPIRING

AS THE NEW GERMAINE MONTEIL SILHOUETTE

DARK FIRE

WITH BOLD WINE TONE OF SPARKLING BURGUNDY

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS
FROM THURSDAY, OCTOBER 10,
THROUGH SATURDAY, OCTOBER 19.

tion, special train, 12:20 P.M.; for Cambridge, from Grand Central, 8 A.M. (arriving South Station, Boston, 12:40 P.M.); for Ithaca, sleeper from Penn. Station, Fri. at 10:10 P.M.; for Annapolis, from Penn. Station, 9:30 A.M.; for Pittsburgh, sleeper from Penn. Station, 12:05 A.M.; for New Haven, from Grand Central, 12 noon.

PROFESSIONAL GAMES: Sun. Aft., Oct. 13, at 2:30: Giants vs. Philadelphia, Polo Grounds; Dodgers vs. Pittsburgh, Ebbets Field.

GOLF—Inter-City Team Matches, Griscom Cup, Lakeville Club, Great Neck, Tues. through Thurs., Oct. 15-17.

HORSE SHOW—Greenwich Hunter Show, Yale Farms, Greenwich, Conn., Sat., Oct. 19, at 9 A.M.

HUNT RACES—Rolling Rock Hunt Racing Association, Ligonier, Pa., Sat., Oct. 12, at 2:30 P.M. ... Rose Tree Fox Hunting Club, Media, Pa., Wed. and Sat., Oct. 16 and 19, at 2:30 P.M. ... Monmouth County Hunt Racing Association, Red Bank, N.J., Sat., Oct. 19, at 1:30 P.M.

POLO—High-goal play at Bostwick Field, Jericho Turnpike (Route 25), Westbury, Sun. Afts. at 3:30.

RACING—Weekdays at Jamaica, at 2 P.M.; through Oct. 19, Continental and Remsen Handicaps, Oct. 12; Gallant Fox Handicap, Oct. 19. (Special trains leave Penn. Station frequently between 12:15 and 1:30 P.M. on Sat., and between 12:40 and 1:25 P.M. on other weekdays.)

YACHTING—Stratford Shoal Race, New Rochelle Y.C., New Rochelle, Fri., Oct. 11, at 10:30 A.M.

OTHER EVENTS

THE DRAFT—Every man between the ages of twenty-one and thirty-five will be expected to register for military training on Wed., Oct. 16, from 7 A.M. to 9 P.M., at whichever public school he finds convenient, preferably the one nearest his home.

AUTOMOBILE SHOW—Eighteen manufacturers will show their 1941 models in the Grand Central Palace, Lexington at 46, from Sat., Oct. 12, through Sun., Oct. 20. This year, for a change, Mr. Ford is exhibiting with the others. Opening day, 2 to 11 P.M.; Sun., Oct. 13, 12 noon to 11 P.M.; weekdays, 10:30 A.M. to 11 P.M.; closing day, 12 noon to 7 P.M.

BENEFITS—Piccadilly Circus Party, with entertainment by the De Marcos, Hildegarde, Larry Adler, Eddie Cantor, and others, for the British War Relief Society: Hotel Pierre, Tues. Aft., Oct. 15, at 5 ... Pan-American Dinner for Writers in Exile: Hotel Commodore, Thurs. Eve., Oct. 17, at 7 ... "Pink Party in Three Acts," a dinner and fashion show for the British War Relief Society: Hotel Sherry-Netherland, Thurs. Eve., Oct. 17, at 7.

RODEO—Madison Square Garden: performances nightly at 8:30, and Sat. and Sun. Afts. (also Wed. Aft., Oct. 16) at 2:30; through Oct. 27.

DANBURY FAIR—The nearest New England ever gets to New York: Fair Grounds, Danbury, Conn., daily through Sat., Oct. 12. Special events: drawing matches for oxen, Thurs. and Fri. Morns.; trotting and pacing races, Thurs. and Fri. Afts.; dog show, Thurs.; midjet auto races, Sat. Aft.

FASHION EXHIBITION—Costumes and hats thought up by some of our best contemporary designers, with the help of background material provided by the Museum of Costume Art, where the exhibit will be held: 630 5 Ave., at 50. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; Oct. 15 through Nov. 2.

ARMS AND ARMOR—An exhibition of pieces from the sixth to the sixteenth centuries, part of the Metropolitan Museum's permanent collection: The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park, Ft. Washington Ave. at 193. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 6 P.M.

AUCTIONS—At the **PARKE-BERNET GALLERIES**, 30 E. 57—Jewelry, owned by the estate of the late Mrs. Ellis Hollingsworth: Thurs. Aft., Oct. 10, at 2:30. ... American, French, Dutch, and Flemish paintings, from the estates of the late Williamson W. Fuller, Alice C. Strong, Mrs. Elizabeth R. Wellington, and others: Thurs. Eve., Oct. 10, at 8:15. ... French and English furniture, porcelains, china, and silver, belonging to the Hollingsworth estate: Fri. and Sat. Afts., Oct. 11-12, at 2.

BRITISH WAR RELIEF BOOK SHOP, 6 E. 57—Autographed books and manuscripts by such authors as Stephen Vincent Benét, Somerset Maugham, and Thomas Mann: Wed. Eve., Oct. 16, at 8:30.

NOTE—Registration polling places for voting in the November elections will be open Thurs. and Mon., Oct. 10 and 14, from 5 to 10:30 P.M., and Tues., Oct. 15, from 7 A.M. to 10:30 P.M.

ON THE AIR

WENDELL L. WILLKIE—The Republican candidate speaking from Boston: Fri. Eve., Oct. 11, at 8, WJZ.

FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT—The President speaking on the defense of the Americas, Sat. Eve., Oct. 12, at 9, WABC, WEA, WJZ; and in support of Community Chests, Sun. Eve., Oct. 13, at 10:30, WABC, WEA, WOR, WOV.

JASCHA HEIFETZ—Soloist with the Ford Symphony: Sun. Eve., Oct. 13, at 9, WABC.

PIUS XII—The Pope, speaking in the interests of Catholic missionary activities: Sat. Aft., Oct. 19, at 1:30, WABC, WEA, WOR.

FOOTBALL—Sat. Aft., Oct. 12: Pennsylvania vs. Yale, at 1:45, WOR; Army vs. Cornell, at 2, WJZ; Notre Dame vs. Georgia Tech., at 2:45, WABC, WEA, ... Sat. Aft., Oct. 19: Yale vs. Dartmouth, at 1:45, WOR; Harvard vs. Army, at 2, WEA.

SYMPHONY ORCHESTRAS—N.B.C. Symphony, Steinberg conducting, Sat. Eves. at 10, WJZ. ... Philharmonic-Symphony, Barbirolli conducting, Sun. Afts. at 3, WABC. ... Symphonic Strings, Wallenstein conducting, Tues. Eves. at 8:30, WOR.

DANCE BANDS—Bob Crosby, Thurs. Eves. at 7:30, WEA. ... Glenn Miller, Tues., Wed., and Thurs. Eves. at 10, WABC. ... Eddy Duchin, Sat. Eves. at 9:45, WABC. ... Guy Lombardo, Mon. Eves. at 10, WABC.

THIS AND THAT—Alec Templeton, Fri. Eves. at 7:30, WEA. ... Maxine Sullivan and John Kirby's orchestra, Sun. Afts. at 2:35, WABC. ... Helen Hayes Theatre, Sun. Eves. at 8, WABC. ... Edgar Bergen, Sun. Eves. at 8, WEA. ... George Burns, Gracie Allen, and Artie Shaw's orchestra, Mon. Eves. at 7:30, WEA. ... Basin Street Chamber Music Society, Mon. Eves. at 9, WJZ. ... "Information Please," Tues. Eves. at 8:30, WJZ. ... Bob Hope, Tues. Eves. at 10, WEA. ... Fred Allen, Wed. Eves. at 9, WABC.

NEWS COMMENTATORS—H. V. Kaltenborn, Sun. Afts. at 3:30, and Sat. Eves. at 7:45, WEA. ... Edwin C. Hill, Mon. through Fri. Eves. at 6:05, WABC. ... Lowell Thomas, Mon. through Fri. Eves. at 6:45, WJZ. ... Wythe Williams, Sun. Eves. at 7:45, and Tues. and Thurs. Eves. at 8, WOR. ... Dorothy Thompson, Sun. Eves. at 8:45, WOR. ... Quincy Howe, Mon., Wed., and Fri. Eves. at 9, WQXR. ... Raymond Gram Swing, Mon. through Fri. Eves. at 10, WOR.

News broadcasts from abroad: weekdays at 6:45 and 10:45 P.M., WABC, and at 7:15 P.M., WEA; Sun. at 7 P.M., WABC, WJZ.

MOTION PICTURES

ALL THIS, AND HEAVEN TOO—A handsome version of Rachel Field's best-selling novel of passion and murder and high life too. With Bette Davis and Charles Boyer. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; through Sat., Oct. 12.)

THE BAKER'S WIFE—A Rabelaisian and droll French film of peasant doings. With Rainu. (World, 153 W. 49.)

FELDZUG IN POLEN—German propaganda piece about the conquest of Poland. It falls short of its professed purpose of winning friends for the Third Reich, but has its moments of historical interest. (96th Street, 3 Ave. at 96; through Thurs., Oct. 17.)

GONE WITH THE WIND—Still fine for those four hours you don't know what to do with just after dinner. (Astor, B'way at 45; daily at 2:15 and 8:15 P.M.; through Sun., Oct. 13.)

THE GREAT DICTATOR—The much-heralded and long-awaited Charlie Chaplin picture. (Astor, B'way at 45; and Capitol, B'way at 51; opening Tues., Oct. 15, at 8:30 P.M.)

THE GREAT McGINTY—A sharp little comedy, with an O. Henry flavor, of the rise and fall of a political grafter. With Brian Donlevy and Mariel Angelus. (Trans-Lux 52nd Street, Lexington at 52; Sat. through Mon., Oct. 12-14. ... Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85; Tues. and Wed., Oct. 15-16. ... Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; Wed. through Fri., Oct. 16-18.)

I LOVE YOU AGAIN—William Powell and Myrna Loy, expertly directed by W. S. Van Dyke, in a comedy you're practically certain to enjoy. (Stoddard, B'way at 90; through Mon., Oct. 14. ... Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23; Tues. through Fri., Oct. 15-18. ... Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; starting Sat., Oct. 19.)

THE MAN I MARRIED—A well-paced, if gloomy, tale of Germany in 1938. With Joan Bennett and Francis Lederer. (Normandie, Park at 53; Mon. and Tues., Oct. 14-15.)

PASTOR HALL—A tragic story of Germany and the

days when Hitler first took over the land. With Nova Pilbeam, Seymour Hicks, and Wilfrid Lawson. (Globe, B'way at 46; through Fri., Oct. 11.)

PRIDE AND PREJUDICE—A good-humored, literate adaptation of Jane Austen's novel, with Greer Garson and Laurence Olivier. (Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23; and Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; through Fri., Oct. 11. ... Loew's 86th Street, Lexington at 86; Sat. through Mon., Oct. 12-14. ... Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; starting Sat., Oct. 19.)

QUEEN OF DESTINY—Victoria's reign in a handsome Technicolor album of scenes, formerly called "Sixty Glorious Years." Anna Neagle and Anton Walbrook are the most royal of the cast. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Thurs. and Fri., Oct. 17-18.)

THE RAMPARTS WE WATCH—The March of Time tries out a full-length feature film which has to do with American history since the coming of the World War and is perhaps too experimental in treatment. (R.K.O. 23rd Street, 8 Ave. at 23; R.K.O. 58th Street, 3 Ave. at 58; R.K.O. 81st Street, B'way at 81; R.K.O. 86th Street, Lexington at 86; Nemo, B'way at 110; Hamilton, B'way at 146; and Coliseum, B'way at 181; through Mon., Oct. 14. ... Palace, B'way at 47; through Wed., Oct. 16.)

SUSAN AND GOD—A satirical comedy about a *Social Register* type that gets religion. With Joan Crawford and Fredric March. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; Sat. through Tues., Oct. 12-15.)

NOTE—"Gateways to Panama," a March of Time short with unusually effective shots of Devil's Island, will be shown at the Plaza, 58, E. of Madison, through Fri., Oct. 11; and at the Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23, Sat. through Tues., Oct. 12-15.

REVIVALS

THE AWFUL TRUTH (1937)—Nonsense about divorce. Irene Dunne and Cary Grant. (Alden, B'way at 67; through Sat., Oct. 12. ... Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23; Sat. through Mon., Oct. 12-14.)

THE CABINET OF DR. CALIGARI (1919)—The great, fantastic classic of the early era. (55th Street Playhouse, 154 W. 55; starting Fri., Oct. 11.)

DESIRE (1936)—Stolen pearls, Spain, Marlene Dietrich, and Gary Cooper. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12, Tues. through Thurs., Oct. 15-17.)

THE HOUSEKEEPER'S DAUGHTER (1939)—Parodying crime thrillers. Joan Bennett and Adolphe Menjou. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Tues. and Wed., Oct. 15-16.)

THE LADY VANISHES (1938)—Hitchcock mystery on the Orient Express. Dame May Whitty. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; Wed. through Fri., Oct. 16-18.)

LOST HORIZON (1937)—The Hilton story. Ronald Colman and Margo. (Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23; Sat. through Mon., Oct. 12-14. ... Alden, B'way at 67; Thurs. through Sat., Oct. 17-19.)

THE MAN WHO KNEW TOO MUCH (1935)—Hitchcock melodrama. Peter Lorre and Edna Best. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; through Fri., Oct. 11.)

ONE RAINY AFTERNOON (1936)—Francis Lederer meets Ida Lupino in a movie theatre. (Normandie, Park at 53; Fri. through Sun., Oct. 11-13. ... Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Sun. and Mon., Oct. 13-14.)

THE PRIVATE LIVES OF ELIZABETH AND ESSEX (1939)—Bette Davis, as Elizabeth Tudor, and Errol Flynn. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Tues. and Wed., Oct. 15-16.)

SOUTH RIDING (1938)—Yorkshire life. Edna Best and Ralph Richardson. (Alden, B'way at 67; Tues. and Wed., Oct. 15-16.)

STOLEN LIFE (1939)—Elisabeth Bergner as twins. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; Wed. through Fri., Oct. 16-18.)

THE STORY OF A CHEAT (1938)—Sacha Guitry as a cardsharp. French. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Thurs. and Fri., Oct. 17-18.)

TRADE WINDS (1937)—South Sea adventure. Joan Bennett and Fredric March. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Thurs., Oct. 10.)

WE ARE NOT ALONE (1939)—Paul Muni as an English country doctor. (Normandie, Park at 53; Thurs., Oct. 10.)

NOTE—The Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53, is showing the following comedies Thurs. and Sat., Oct. 17 and 19, at 2 P.M., other weekdays at 4 P.M., and Sun. at 2 and 4 P.M.: Five Mack Sennett films, 1910-1920, Thurs., Oct. 10. "Mickey," with Mabel Normand, and "Stenographer Wanted," with Flora Finch and John Bunny, Fri., Oct. 11. Five 1914 Chaplin films, Sat., Oct. 12. Four 1915 Chaplin films, Sun., Oct. 13. Four 1916 Chaplin films, Mon., Oct. 14. "It Happened One Night," with Claudette Colbert and Clark Gable, Tues., Oct. 15. "Duck Soup," with the Marx Brothers, and "The Barber Shop," with W. C. Fields, Wed., Oct. 16. "The Sex Life of the Polyp," with Robert Benchley, and "Blonde Crazy," with James Cagney and Joan Blondell, Thurs., Oct. 17. "The General," with Buster Keaton, Fri., Oct. 18. "Wedding Bills," with Raymond Griffith, and "Big Business," with Laurel and Hardy, Sat., Oct. 19.



We suggest our sports shorties. Made of fine English suede. Completely handsewn for this hand. **5.00**

MRS. FRED BRADNA (famous circus rider)

We suggest our exclusive Chantelle imports. Doeskin-finished lamb-skin for this hand.

5.50 to 10.50

HELEN HAYES (actress)

Famous Hands

Emma Bourne, New England artist, says she makes her preoccupation the hands of people who do things. Our occupation is "gloving" such hands. See our collection of Miss Bourne's famous hand sketches in our Lexington Avenue windows, now.

ROBERT MOSES
(park commissioner)

We suggest our completely hand-stitched mocha gloves for this hand. **5.00**



Lexington at 59th, N.Y.

THE WORLD'S FAIR

GENERAL INFORMATION

Gates open daily at 9 A.M. Admission: adults, 50 cents; children, 25 cents. Most shows in the exhibit, transportation, and foreign-federal areas open at 10 A.M. and close at 10 P.M., but some restaurants and bars there stay open later if trade warrants. Amusement area is at its best at night and keeps going until 2 A.M.... Fountain and fireworks displays nightly on the Lagoon at 9:15, on Liberty Lake at 10.... The places you most want to see are almost sure to be crowded.... The Fair will close for good on Sun., Oct. 27.

TRANSPORTATION

By RAIL—The L.I.R.R.: the fastest way to get there. Daily shuttle service to exhibit-area gate. Trains every 10 or 15 minutes, 9 A.M. to 9 P.M., from Track 16, Penn. Station (L.I. side). From the Fair, trains every 15 or 20 minutes; last train leaves at 2 A.M. A 10- or 15-minute run.... **INDEPENDENT SUBWAY**: best for amusement area. Take Queens train marked "E" to Continental Ave. station, cross platform, board train marked "GG." A half-hour trip from midtown Manhattan.... **I.R.T. and B.M.T.**: Flushing trains on both lines stop at exhibit-area gate.

By Auto—Cars are not admitted to Fair. Parking lots, a short bus ride from gates, 25 cents a day. Triborough Bridge is pleasantest route from midtown Manhattan.

By Bus—Double-decker Fifth Avenue bus (No. 15, marked "World's Fair") starts at 25th St., turns east on 57th St., and crosses the Queensboro Bridge, providing a slow but reasonably comfortable trip to the transportation-area gate.

At the Fair—Roller and motor chairs with guides may be hired. Buses and tractor-pulled trains of open coaches have regular routes about the grounds. Ferries operate across the lake to the Florida Building (I) from the docks near Heineken's (H) and American Jubilee (K).

ATTRACTIONS OF NOTE

(Be prepared for last-minute changes in programs and schedules.)

MORE OR LESS SERIOUS

FORD (G)—Rides on elevated highways, and a field where a flock of tractors drill and till. Once an hour the Ballet Caravan dances a jaunty interpretation of how the horse has been done in by the automobile.

GARDENS ON PARADE (A)—A well-arranged display of seasonal flowers, both growing and cut. Admission, 25 cents.

GENERAL MOTORS (F)—The lines waiting to get into the Futurama are frequently as incredible as the vistas of things to come shown inside. Opens at 9 A.M.

HOUSE OF JEWELS (C)—A fabulous assortment of diamonds and other precious stones awesomely displayed. Opens at 11 A.M., closes at 9 P.M.

MASTERPIECES OF ART (C)—Some 400 canvases, ranging from the sixteenth to the twentieth century. They've just added a Goya, a Renoir, and a van Gogh—all being shown for the first time in this country. Admission: 50 cents weekdays, 25 cents Sun.

RAILROADS (F)—The big pageant of railroad-ing called "Railroads on Parade," with genuine rolling stock and Kurt Weill music, is shown daily at 11:30 A.M. and 1:30, 3:30, and 5:30 P.M. Admission, 25 and 55 cents.... "Railroads in Action," an elaborate model-train show, runs continuously from 10:15 A.M. to 8:15 P.M.

TELEPHONES (C)—Sooner or later everyone joins the crowd eavesdropping on visitors calling up the folks back home. A machine named the Voder defies you to say a word it can't pronounce.

TRYLON AND PERISPHERE—Democracy—you remember. Admission, 25 cents.

WORLD OF FASHION (D)—Several of the leading stores and designers hereabouts have put together an impressive display of feminine fashions and accessories. A fashion show, with models wearing the latest furs, will be presented daily through Sun., Oct. 13, at 4:30 and 8 P.M.

OTHERS OF INTEREST—At **AMERICA AT HOME (C)**: a theatrical arrangement of model interiors, from which you may pick up some useful pointers.... **AMERICAN ART TODAY (A)**: a lively WPA exhibit of paintings, sculptures, prints,



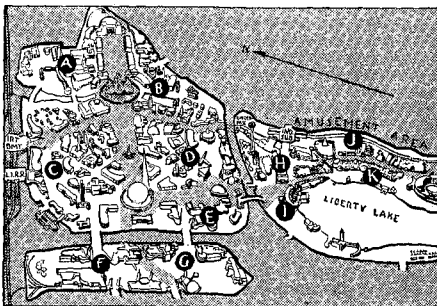
A SELECTIVE GUIDE FOR THE INDULGENT FAIRGOER

A CODE LETTER, CORRESPONDING TO ONE ON THE MAP BELOW, INDICATES THE SECTION OF THE FAIR IN WHICH EACH PLACE MENTIONED IS TO BE FOUND.

and folk art.... **AVIATION (G)**: a new Army pursuit plane, camouflaged and capable of 400 miles an hour, among a number of other aircraft.... **BORDEN'S (D)**: cows, apparently very happy in a luxurious setting.... **CHRYSLER (F)**: an impudent talking Plymouth and a hint of what a rocket port might look like, if we ever take to travelling by rocket.... **CONSOLIDATED EDISON (D)**: a diorama of New York, with lights flashing and subway trains scurrying about.... **DU PONT (D)**: a sober account of how chemistry produces nylon and performs other acts of alchemy.... **ELECTRIC UTILITIES (E)**: a New York street in the gaslit nineties.... **ELECTRIFIED FARM (A)**: turn a switch and the crops come up.... **FIRESTONE (G)**: tires manufactured while you wait, and a small zoo in a jungle setting.... **GENERAL ELECTRIC (E)**: artificial lightning, real enough to scare the wits out of you, and some diverting acts of electrical prestidigitiation.... **GLASS CENTER (D)**: how glass-blowers work.... **GOODRICH (F)**: male and female daredevil drivers risking their necks; shows Mon. through Fri. at 11 A.M., noon, and 2, 4, 6, and 7 P.M.; Sat. and Sun., every hour from 11 A.M. to 7 P.M.... **HALL OF INVENTIONS (D)**: actual models—brain waves of the nineteenth century, mostly—from the Patent Office's collection.... **KODAK (D)**: colored photographs impressively flashed on several big screens at once, and, outdoors, trick backgrounds for amateurs to work with.... **PETROLEUM (D)**: a full-sized oil derrick boring hundreds of feet under Flushing—so far, at least, without striking oil.... **R.C.A. (C)**: what's what in television.... **STAMP EXHIBIT, in the British Building (A)**: an unusual exhibition, including the Mauritius error, commemorating the centennial of the stick-on stamp.... **WESTINGHOUSE (E)**: an outside robot man and his robot dog.... **ZOOLOGICAL WONDERS (H)**: Pandora, the panda; Electra, the eel; and a flock of penguins.

FOREIGN BUILDINGS—All are in the foreign-federal area (A and B) unless otherwise noted. Among the attractive ones are those of Great Britain, France, Poland, Finland, Brazil, Czechoslovakia, Denmark, Sweden (D), and Italy. Many of the buildings have restful gardens and pleasant bars.

STATE EXHIBITS—Most of these are cluttered up with statistics, but Florida's (I) has an inviting beach on the lake front and an inviting



interior, too. New York's (I) offers some rare historical documents, and the New England group (B) shows a full-rigged ship, which children like to clamber over.

THAT GREAT WHITE WAY

AMERICAN JUBILEE (K)—The Fair's own rather ponderous historical pageant, staged by Leon Leonidoff, with Lucy Monroe, Ray Middleton, and Paul Haakon heading a cast of 350. Songs by Oscar Hammerstein II and Arthur Schwartz. Daily at 3:30, 5:30, 8:30, and 10:45 P.M.

AQUACADE (I)—Billy Rose's water spectacle that started strong and is finishing the same way. Eleanor Holm heads the large cast, which includes Buster Crabbe, Everett Marshall, and Vincent Lopez's orchestra. Daily at 3, 5, 8:30, and 10:45 P.M.

GAY NEW ORLEANS (H)—Michael Todd's hit—almost a Fair in itself. Restaurants and bars, and a steady round of Negro and white revues beautifully staged out of doors by Hassard Short. A midnight Mardi Gras show tops things off.

ZOMBIE (J)—A tropical-island setting, something like the Beachcomber on Broadway.

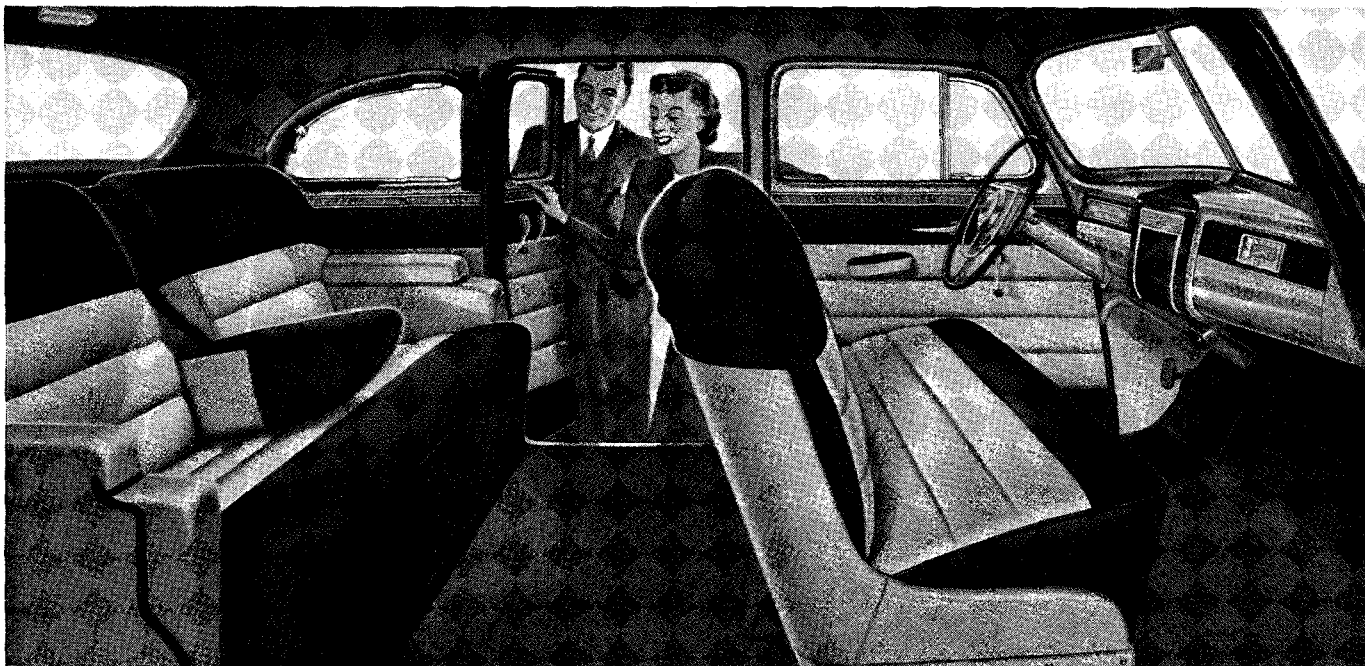
SOME OTHER PLACES—At **BARBARY COAST (J)**: the customers, ranged along a huge bar, are prodded into noisy singing by a number of musical folk.... **DANCING CAMPUS (I)**: an outdoor dance floor big enough for the young to cut their craziest capers; dancing from about 6 P.M. on.... **JUNGLELAND (J)**: Frank Buck holding forth with a zoo, a circus, and a swarm of monkeys on a mountain.... **MIDGET TOWN (H)**: Morris Gest's troupe of small folk in a miniature village.... **ODDITORIUM (K)**: Ripley's "Believe It or Not" collection of strange people.... **PARACHUTE JUMP (H)**: the 20-story drop is just as exciting as ever.... **WALL OF DEATH (K)**: hair-raising stunts by motorcyclists on the walls of a motordrome.... **WINTER WONDERLAND (J)**: a show on skates and skis; frequent performances during the late afternoon and evening.

RESTAURANTS

(This is a list of some eating places at the Fair which, for one reason or another—frequently the setting—seem to call for special notice, but there are many others equally satisfactory. The service at any of them may be sketchy during hours when they're crowded.)

BALLANTINE'S (H): simple, adequate food and an outdoor bar—a handy oasis in the amusement area.... **BELGIAN BUILDING (B)**: an awning terrace, with one of the best views of the fireworks on the Lagoon.... **BRAZILIAN BUILDING (A)**: a gay, lighthearted place, with dancing at dinner.... **FRENCH BUILDING (A)**: happily, in spite of everything, they've kept this well-loved restaurant open.... **GARDENS ON PARADE (A)**: good, plain staples, and an admission charge, which helps thin out the crowds.... **HEINEKEN'S (H)**: sustaining Dutch food and a view from a veranda of fireworks on the Lake.... **HUNGARIAN PAVILION (A)**: goulash at a standup bar and other native dishes in a smallish restaurant.... **IRAQ PAVILION (A)**: what's good in Arabia is good here.... **MCGINNIS (C)**: a big, bright place for sea food and charcoal-broiled steaks.... **NORWEGIAN BUILDING (B)**: superior smörgåsbord.... **PABST (K)**: beer-garden fare in an attractive lakeside setting.... **POLISH BUILDING (A)**: still the same fine Polish cooking, even if the larder is now almost entirely domestic; dancing Sat. and Sun.... **PONCE DE LEON PATIO (I)**: real Spanish dishes served against the Florida Building's tropical background.... **RUBY FOO'S LAMA TEMPLE (J)**: the surroundings alone are enough to convert you to Chinese food.... **SWEDISH BUILDING (D)**: snacks in a large courtyard; more elaborate meals inside.... **SWISS BUILDING (A)**: pleasantly informal, whether you eat upstairs in the restaurant or down in the garden.... **WASHINGTON HALL (K)**: one of the amusement area's few places for leisurely meals with a French influence; you're served on a screened veranda overlooking the lake.

The following are also recommended: British Buttery (A), Childs (F), Czechoslovakian Pavilion (B), Finnish Pavilion (A), Gay New Orleans (H), Schaefer Center (D), Turf-Trylon Restaurant (C), Winter Wonderland (J), and World of Fashion (D).



A VIEW TO LINGER OVER! A wide choice of handsome Multi-tone harmonies—not merely in the cushions themselves, but in side panels and instrument board—are available in the new Packard interiors for 1941 (as illustrated in the Packard One-Ten Deluxe Touring Sedan).

The year's most glamorous "Inside Story"

HERE, IF EVER, is a story worth looking into!

It's a story of new colors...harmonies...contrasts—just the kind of smart Multi-tone interior you'd expect from Packard, where superlative good taste in design is proverbial.

All told, 261 upholstery combinations are available—122 of them at *no extra cost*. That's like being your car's own interior decorator!

Slip into the front seat for another thrilling chapter in this story—the new Multi-tone "Beautility" instrument

panel! Note the handsome colored plastics (yes—you have a color choice!)

Those lower, softer, deeper seats are an invitation to relaxation. And why not, with so much to see? There's more vision—162 sq. inches more!—and a new, bigger rear window of one-piece curved glass. There's the roominess you've always wanted—dimensions figured in *inches*, not fractions!

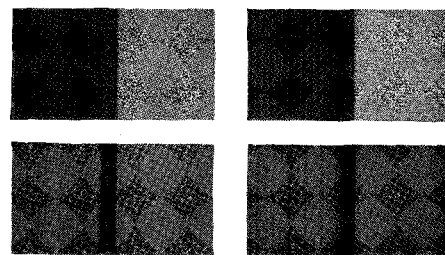
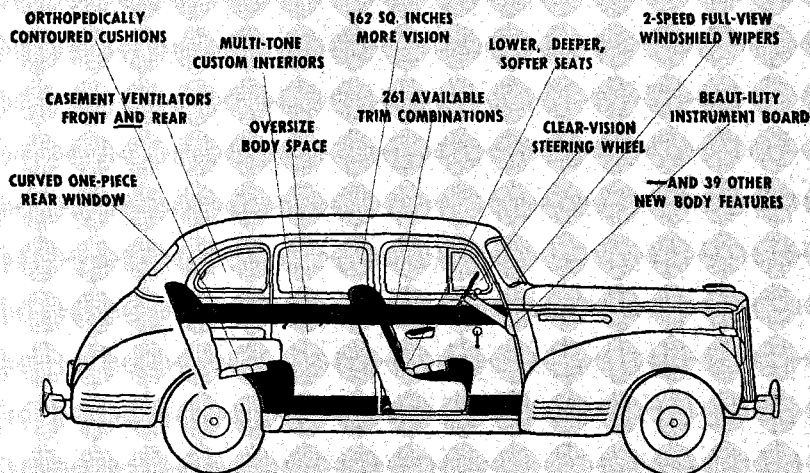
Exciting? Yes! And to even things up, the mechanical features are just as exciting. Try the Electromatic Clutch*,

which lets your left foot loaf—the *car itself* operates the clutch! Save money with the Passmaster Engine—10% more economical than even its thrifty predecessor!

Aero-Drive* boosts your savings still more—one free mile in five! Try Air Conditioning* (a Packard *first*) with *real* refrigeration. Try the smoother, mellower Air-Glide ride. All these—and 59 more important new improvements—are yours in this value of values! See it now! *Ask the man who owns one.*

* Available at extra cost.

NEW PACKARD—the Class of '41



Just a few of the stunning new upholstery trims—122 offered at *no extra cost*. See all of them in your dealer's "Color Harmonies" selector.

\$907 to **\$5550**

Prices delivered in Detroit, State taxes extra. Subject to change without notice.

Introducing A BIG NEW STYLE IDEA

Symphonic Styling

Brilliant new design . . . and, for the first time in low priced cars, a wide choice of interior color combinations that harmonize with exterior colors...AT NO EXTRA COST



In the New 1941
HUDSON
Commodore Series
The Commodore Six • The Commodore Eight
The Commodore Custom

New 1941 Hudson Commodore Six Sedan, \$984*. (With or without new deluxe running boards—no extra cost. White sidewall tires and wheel trim rings extra, two-tone exteriors standard on Commodore Custom models, extra on all others.)

A SYMPHONY OF LINE AND COLOR, COMBINED WITH LAVISH LUXURY...IN AMERICA'S LOWEST PRICED FINE CARS

SUPERLATIVE styling, a wealth of luxury refinements and magnificent performance combine to make this distinguished group of new cars worthy of comparison with the finest built today . . . yet they cost no more than you would expect to pay for an ordinary moderately priced automobile.

Hudson's big new style idea . . . Symphonic Styling . . . offers its widest choice of harmonizing interior-exterior tone combinations in these new Hudson Commodores. Their richly luxurious interiors harmonize with exterior coloring down to the last detail . . . not only in upholstery colors, but in carpets, floor mats, instrument panels, mouldings and trim.

To accomplish this complete color harmony in standard production for the first time in automobile history is an achievement worthy of Hudson's long-standing engineering leadership, which has contributed so many

other important "firsts" to the motor car.

But here's something even more important than luxury and beauty . . . SAFETY! Suppose the hydraulic brakes in your car suddenly fail (as they can in ANY car through leakage due to accident or service neglect). What would you do? In a Hudson, you just push farther ON THE SAME FOOT PEDAL . . . and STOP! No other car has Patented Double-Safe Hydraulics, and these are but one of many unique features that make Hudson America's Safest Car.

A wealth of other advancements adds still further to the desirability of these fine cars . . . smoother riding, easier driving, improved Synchronized Silent Mesh Transmission, Air-foam Seat Cushions . . . to mention but a few.

Come for a trial cruise today . . . in the new 102-horsepower Commodore Six or the brilliant 128-horsepower Commodore Eight.

Hudson Offers Fine Automobiles in Every Popular Price Class . . . AT NEW PRICES STARTING AMONG AMERICA'S LOWEST . . . New Hudson Six and Super-Six (in the lowest and low price fields); New Hudson Commodore Six and Eight and Commodore Custom (in the moderate price field). **MORE CAR for LESS MONEY** In Every Popular Price Class.

New Hudson Commodore Prices
Start at \$925*

New Hudson Six Prices
Start at \$695*

*delivered in Detroit, including Federal taxes, not including state and local taxes, if any. Optional equipment and accessories extra. Low time payment terms. Prices subject to change without notice.

**AMERICA'S
SAFEST CAR**



New Glamour in Your Life



No. 5*
No. 22*
GARDENIA
GLAMOUR*
RUSSIA LEATHER

*REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

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Quality... Beauty...

the Bendel credo... adapted to suit the changing times.

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perfumes of quality and distinction

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TABAC BLOND
EN AVION

A limited supply imported prior to the severance
of communications with France is available
through the better stores without increase in price.



THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

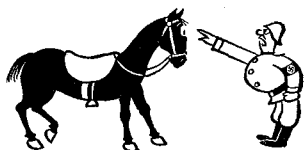
IF we understand these things, which is unlikely, the automotive industry is rapidly doing away with the need for shifting gears. Most of the cars at this year's Show apparently can operate almost altogether in high. The old levers and pedals are nearly vestigial; there is



no driver today clumsy or feeble-minded enough to strip his gears. We suppose this is a good thing, making for public safety and private peace of mind, but it depresses us a little to see the human race lose one more ancient skill, to see it relegate one more function to the machine. The first car we ever drove was called a Regal, a fancy underslung model, capable of thirty-five miles an hour on a good level road. The gearshift lever on the Regal worked in a slot, and its operation was a matter calling for the most perfect timing and delicacy. Let the driver, going from second into high, misjudge by a hair the speed of his motor, and an abomination of sound, a rending of all the tin cans in the world, broke out under his feet. Going *back* into second on a hill (there was no hill anywhere the Regal could make in high) called for the daring, the intuition, the iron wrist of a duellist. The day when we finally learned to synchronize clutch, lever, and accelerator so precisely that the invisible gears meshed with no more than a click meant a lot to us; we had mastered a craft; we were doing something easily and beautifully that only one man in a thousand could do at all. It saddens us to think that our son, hydro-meshed and vacuum-powered, will never know this peculiar satisfaction. He will merely be doing something that his mother could do just as well, if not bet-

ter. He will have lost a small part of his male heritage.

LAST week was a disappointing time for dictators. So many petty things spoiled the picture of world domination. Rome, or at least Graziani, was up to the neck in the same tiny grains of sand that bothered Napoleon. Tokio was up against the geographical fact, obvious to all the backward children in the Sixth Grade, that the two girls it had married might just as well be on the other side of the moon. Berlin, working upward from its quislings, was having trouble with horses, which, since they had been stolen from the betrayed and looted countries, understood only Polish, Flemish, Dutch, or French and refused to take orders given in German. It gave us our perfect picture of frustration—the boys of the Wehrmacht cursing and heiling, the horses stolidly won-



dering what the hell all the funny noise was about. We offer all these things together as a warning to anyone who is foolish enough to want to conquer the world—Adolf with his horses, Benito with his grains of sand, the Sun God with his round little earth.

THE other night we were rereading a book by Samuel Hopkins Adams called "The Incredible Era" and dealing with the administration of Warren Gamaliel Harding. This period has always seemed to us one of the most fascinating in American history. Corruption is generally a dismal subject, but there was something dreamy and absurd in all the doings that centred around the Little Green House on K Street. How the old faces all came back—Char-

lie Forbes, who made two hundred million dollars stealing sheets; Jeff Smith, who occasionally amused himself by sending out letters over the signature of the President of the United States; Ned McLean, who was given "a code, a little card, and a badge" and allowed to masquerade as a Secret Service man



to the delight of his perpetually childish heart; the elaborately sinister Gaston B. Means, Jap Muma (of the old Ohio Mumas), Fall, Daugherty, Sinclair, even the Chief Executive himself, gaily slipping thirty dollars for services rendered into the top of a young woman's stocking. Most of these engaging people have disappeared now, gone to their various rewards. Of all those mentioned in Mr. Adams' five hundred pages, in fact, there was only one whom we recalled seeing recently in the flesh. This was Al Jolson, who opened on Broadway a couple of weeks ago in an entertainment called "Hold On to Your Hats." Mr. Jolson turns up on page 171 of "The Incredible Era" as the author and singer of just about the prettiest campaign song we can remember. Mr. Adams quotes only six lines, but perhaps they'll give you some idea of the rich flavor of the whole:

We think the country's ready
For another man like Teddy.
We need another Lincoln
To do the country's thinkin'.

CHORUS

Mis-ter Hard-ing,
You're the man for us! etc., etc.

Over at the Shubert Theatre these nights, it is Mr. Jolson's agreeable practice to sing old songs at the request of graybeards in the audience. Well, Al, this is the one we want, and we're going



"This one is to brush yourself off with when you get thrown out."

back, probably this Friday, especially to ask for it. You'd better have it ready. And, of course, if you happen to think of anything in the meantime that the boys might use in *this* campaign, that'll be O.K., too.

INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE: The Texas Company has not changed the name of its oil tanker, the S.S. Aryan. When last heard from, she was pursuing her Nordic way from Mobile to Port Arthur.

Sign outside an automobile-repair shop in Brooklyn: "Collusions."

The Navy recruiting office has abandoned its famous slogan "Join the Navy and See the World" in favor of "The attention of all young men, who are citizens of the United States, is invited to the advantages incident to enlistment in the United States Navy."

The Reich Air Service, operating out of Roosevelt Field, has no connection with any foreign government. The pro-

prietor is an American, and pronounces his name to rhyme with "each."

The soldiers of the Continental Army in "American Jubilee," at the Fair, now appear in British uniforms of the period. The original costumes got burned up in a fire that broke out on Labor Day, and the local costumers didn't have replacements on hand. Mr. Gibson figured it was too late in the season to have new ones made.

Neutrality

WEARING the button of our favorite nominee, we went into a one-man haberdashery on Lexington Avenue to buy a pair of black socks. The proprietor got them for us and then suggested that we buy a tie to match our button. You may have seen these ties; they have sober backgrounds with the name of Roosevelt or Willkie forming diagonal white stripes. We declined, but asked which variety he sold more of. "About equal," he said. "I

don't try to push them except when a man comes in wearing a button. Then I try to sell him his favorite. It don't make any difference to me. In this business, it don't pay to be impartial either way."

Since 1907

MR. ALFRED REEVES, the brains of the Automobile Show, is a small, gray-haired fellow who has been in the automobile business since 1907, when the appearance of a Stanley Steamer on a suburban street was enough to create a sensation. He organized the 1907 Show, the eighth Automobile Show of history, as general manager of the American Motor Car Manufacturers Association. It was staged in the old Grand Central Palace and fifty makes were on display; this year there will be only eighteen. Mr. Reeves remembers the day, back around 1900, when there were nine hundred-odd separate companies making more or less practical au-

tomobiles—"every gunsmith and carriage-maker in the country," he told us. Another trend that Mr. Reeves has noticed is that exhibitors at the Show are less and less concerned with taking orders; these days, it's almost entirely publicity.

Mr. Reeves supervises the Automobile Show as an executive of the Automobile Manufacturers Association and while it is on he doesn't get to his home, which is in Yonkers, once. He sleeps right across the street in a hotel, in case of emergencies. "At the end of the Show I've eaten so much chicken I could cackle," he says, having reference to the number of dinners and luncheons he has to attend. He's also in charge of the hundred and ninety-four workers at the Show and is called for such minor emergencies as a lady falling downstairs or an influential exhibitor defying the no-smoking rule. (Also, although we didn't question him about it, he's probably in charge of the professional models engaged to stroll about the Show in evening clothes, lending elegance.)

Until this year, Mr. Reeves was executive vice-president of the Automobile Manufacturers Association, occupying a position something like that of Will Hays in the movie industry or Judge Landis in baseball. Now he's an advisory vice-president, which is easier, except during the Show. His old job originally included the promotion of auto clubs, auto races, and shows, and it branched out to include rather farfetched ways of increasing sales, such as persuading state legislators that a child of sixteen should have a driver's licence, and pointing out to building contractors the advantages of always including a two-car garage in a design. (You didn't think those things just *happened*, did you?) Among Mr. Reeves' unpleasant duties was persuading rival manufacturers to shake hands after unpleasantness about derogatory advertising and the like. "It's easy if you can get to them before they start making public statements," he told us. "After that it's too late."

One of Mr. Reeves' most important pieces of patching-up is represented by Ford Motors' presence at this year's Show. For the past thirty-two years, Ford, when he has exhibited at all, has always conducted a rival show by himself, in a hotel or his own salesrooms. The trouble goes back to 1908, when all the manufacturers but Ford recognized the patent rights of a Rochester lawyer named Selden. They pooled together to pay royalties, but Ford fought

Selden in court, and eventually won. Afterward, for thirty-two years, Ford was stand-offish about joining any co-operative enterprises.

Battery

WORD has arrived from Wisconsin of a quaint happening at the Army maneuvers out there. Each of the umpires carried with him a battery-operated field telephone, which could be plugged in anywhere on temporary lines strung by the rival armies. One umpire, finding that he couldn't hear very well on his telephone, called the nearest commander and said, "Send me over a battery." The battery arrived in no time—tractor-drawn cannons and caissons, ammunition trucks, field kitchen, and a full complement of gunners.

Crisis

UNLESS there's some completely unforeseen change for the better in the fresh-caviar situation, there won't be a spoonful in town by Christmas. Not a single shipment has come from Russia since the war started, and estimates by experts place the present stock at something under 2,000 pounds. This is held by a few farsighted dealers who grabbed all they could of the 1939 spring catch, most of whom now are prudently rationing it among favored customers. Generally, prices are fierce: \$20 a pound for the large roe of the beluga sturgeon, \$16 for the small roe of the sevruga. Apparently enough salted caviar (\$8 a pound) has been hoarded to last up to a year. That is small consolation to gourmets, but it's probably what they're up against for the duration.

The current crisis results largely from the withdrawal of refrigerator ships from the war zone. Until last September, fresh caviar was shipped through the Baltic and North Seas to England, then transhipped to this coun-

try on American refrigerator boats. An alternate route, across Siberia and the Pacific, was considered by anxious dealers, but dropped because of prohibitive transportation costs. There's nothing to do, it seems, but wait stoically for the impending famine. This is the view even of the Amtorg Trading Corporation, local merchandising agency of the U.S.S.R. Their Mr. Stepanov told us recently that Amtorg's supply ran out last December and that they're not expecting any more until after the war. With Mr. Stepanov's pretty, dark-eyed Russian secretary acting as interpreter, we had an instructive three-way talk about caviar, learning, for example, that in Russia fresh caviar is believed to have a considerable medicinal value because of its high vitamin content and digestibility. Russians with stomach disorders eat it, and hospitals and sanitariums must be liberally supplied with fresh caviar before any is offered for export. We asked Mr. Stepanov for the lowdown on the so-called Persian caviar which has been featured by many of the de-luxe delicatessens since the Russian invasion of Finland. It comes from Persia, all right, but according to Mr. Stepanov it is nevertheless Russian. To make this crystal-clear, he explained that the largest catch of sturgeon is made near the mouth of the Volga, where it flows into the Caspian Sea. A smaller catch, it is true, is hauled up across the way on the Persian shore. But, Mr. Stepanov added, the U.S.S.R. leases the fishing rights along that shore from Persia, the catch is made by Russian fishermen, and the roe is packed at the nearby town of Baku, in southern Russia.

Another discovery we made in the course of our investigation is that practically all local importers of fresh caviar keep their stock in the same refrigerated warehouse, a kind of Fort Knox for caviar, at Tenth Avenue and Seventeenth Street. On the ninth floor there, the superintendent showed us the five small rooms reserved exclusively for the storage of fresh caviar. Three of them are empty now, and the two others only scantily occupied. Before the stock-market crash, the superintendent told us, as many as sixty barrels of fresh caviar used to roll into the warehouse during a week and they had to provide extra storage space to take care of the overflow. Curious about the social implications of this development, we looked up the figures. They show that in 1928 this country imported 430,000 pounds of caviar, whereas last year we



imported 43,500 pounds. Undoubtedly significant.

Personal Touch

AN actress (and we wouldn't tell you her name for the world) was a guest at a luncheon celebrating the launching of a ship. She didn't know any of the other guests, and it came as a slight blow to her pride that none of the guests seemed to know her, either. Presently, though, she was greeted by the friendly, familiar sight of a small boy approaching her, holding out a book and a pen. Would she sign the book, please? She would. She not only signed it, but added "To a little gentleman." The little gentleman thereupon proceeded to present his book to everyone in sight, obviously without discrimination, and to one of the visitors he explained that he was a ship's page with the shipbuilding company's guest book.

Great and Little

OUR Mr. Stanley, an energetic man with practically no sense of proportion, has been whiling away the

hours before the collapse of the American way of life by an investigation of how Great Jones Street and Little West Twelfth Street acquired the epithets "Great" and "Little." We print his findings for the benefit of other escapists. Both these streets are downtown, as you probably know—Great Jones Street constituting a link between East Third Street and West Third Street between the Bowery and Broadway, and Little West Twelfth Street constituting what would be the western tip of West Twelfth Street proper if the latter didn't go galumphing off in a southwesterly direction after crossing Greenwich Avenue.

Now, as for Great Jones Street, it is, Stanley discovered, named in honor of one Samuel Jones, who ceded the land for the street to the city. Jones flourished in the late seventeen-hundreds, and was an attorney of some note. Chancellor Kent, who was the first New York judge to disappear, once called Jones "unequaled in his knowledge of the doctrine of real property." If you look up this matter in the Public Library files, you'll get the information, totally inaccurate, that Chief Justice

David Jones is the Jones in question. Stanley's dope comes from the New York Historical Museum. From the Greenwich Village Historical Society's Mrs. Clivette he got the explanation of the "Great." There already was a Jones Street on Manhattan in 1806, when Great Jones Street was named—the same one that's still here, running between West Fourth Street and Bleecker. The street named for Samuel Jones was three times as long and twice as wide, so it was named Great Jones. After thanking Mrs. Clivette, Stanley went down for a look at Great Jones Street, which he reports as uniformly disappointing. Just a lot of real property, like the offices of the Red Ball Lift Van Company, the Ace Venetian Blind Company, and so on.

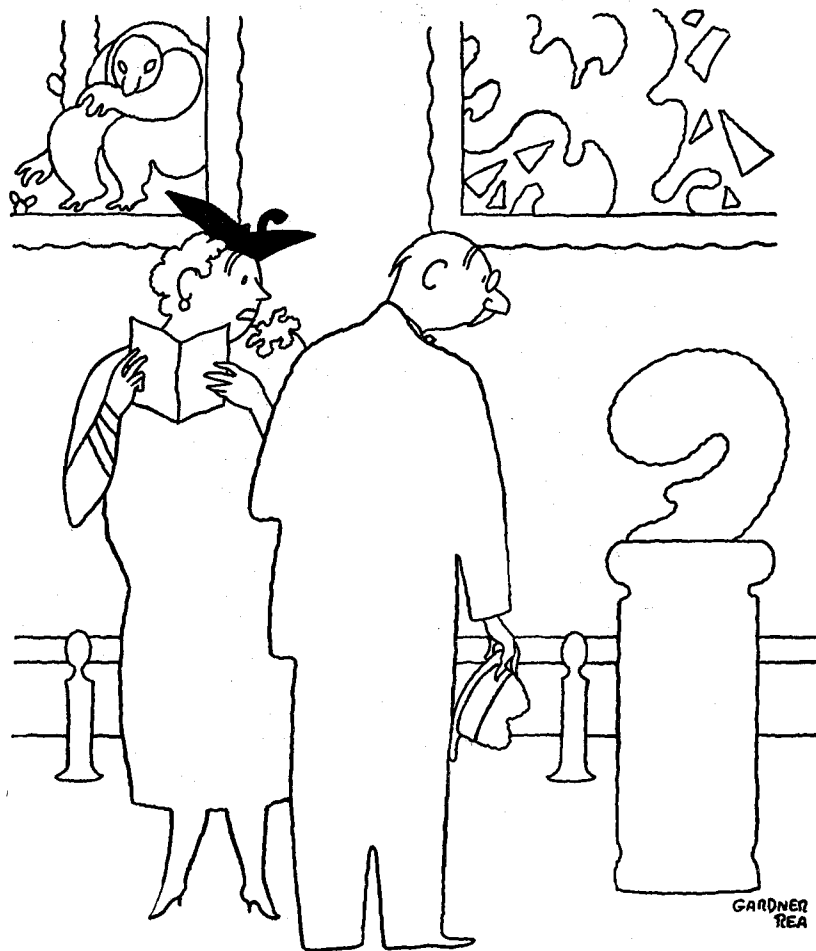
Little West Twelfth Street, which starts down by the Cunard piers, constitutes the northern boundary of the Gansevoort Farmers' Market, and is lined with wholesale meat and produce firms. At one of these places, Middelndorf & Rohrs, Stanley was fortunate enough to meet Mr. Peter Rohrs, who knew all about the name of his street. Had it from his father, who was an amateur historian. Little West Twelfth was cut through at the time the Gansevoort Market was completed, in 1882. The city fathers were fooling about with a map and ruler, and discovered that the new street was exactly on the line West Twelfth would have taken if it hadn't sheered off southwest at Greenwich. So...

Orchid-Running

A FRIEND of ours who grows orchids (although he is not an amateur criminologist) was pleasantly surprised when a girl he knows presented him with a flourishing orchid plant from Bermuda. "How in the world did you ever get it past the customs inspectors?" he asked. "Oh, that was easy," she said. "I just fastened it on my hat."

Coconut Candy and Doom

ONE of the moments most typical of our civilization, we would say, is 7:45 P.M., E.S.T., of a Sunday, when Wythe Williams, the man who prophesied the outbreak of the war and the fall of France, goes on the air under the commercial sponsorship of Mounds—"that delightful combination of tree-ripened coconut and rich, brown chocolate," as the announcer says. "Ah, how good it



"The artist lives in Port Jervis, New York, if that helps any."

is! Oh, boy, chocolate-coconut Mounds—M-O-U-N-D-S. What a candy bar for five cents!" After which, Mr. Williams, a gray-haired, fatherly-looking chap, turns the coconut candy to ashes in our mouths by describing the diplomatic and military skulduggery of the past week and touching lightly on horrors to be expected in the near future. Just to round out this piquant situation, the entire program is recorded by German spies in this country, broadcast by short wave to Germany, transcribed and translated, and set before Adolf Hitler. We have this last fact on Mr. Williams' authority. He has it on the say-so of agents in Germany. The Williams-Hitler thing is rather personal. Mr. Williams was among the very first newspapermen to be fired out of Germany after Hitler's rise to power. He

has retaliated in his own fashion, by announcing Hitler's exact whereabouts from time to time, which may be assumed to rattle Hitler and worry him about potential assassins.

Tuesdays and Thursdays, Mr. Williams is sponsored by the American Safety Razor Corporation over ninety-three stations—the second largest hookup in existence. He could undoubtedly have a daily program if he wanted it, but this would hardly suit his sort of material, which consists of scoops, large and small, rather than analysis. Mr. Williams is now utilizing, for all they are worth, pipelines laid down during his twenty-six years' service as a foreign correspondent in Europe. "My predictions don't come from crystal-gazing. I pay out dough for information," he told us earthily. He trusts his sources more than he trusts, for example, the British Empire. Last June, Chamberlain broadcast a denial of a Williams story to the effect that a peace bloc was active in England, but it left Mr. Williams tolerantly unshaken. "Regardless of what Mr. Chamberlain, possibly in good faith, felt compelled to say on that occasion, I

know negotiations had been broached," he told us. He takes in his stride such experiences as being told by a leading official of the Netherlands that Dutch uniforms were shipped into Germany before the invasion of Holland, and then having that official officially deny the story when it appeared in print.

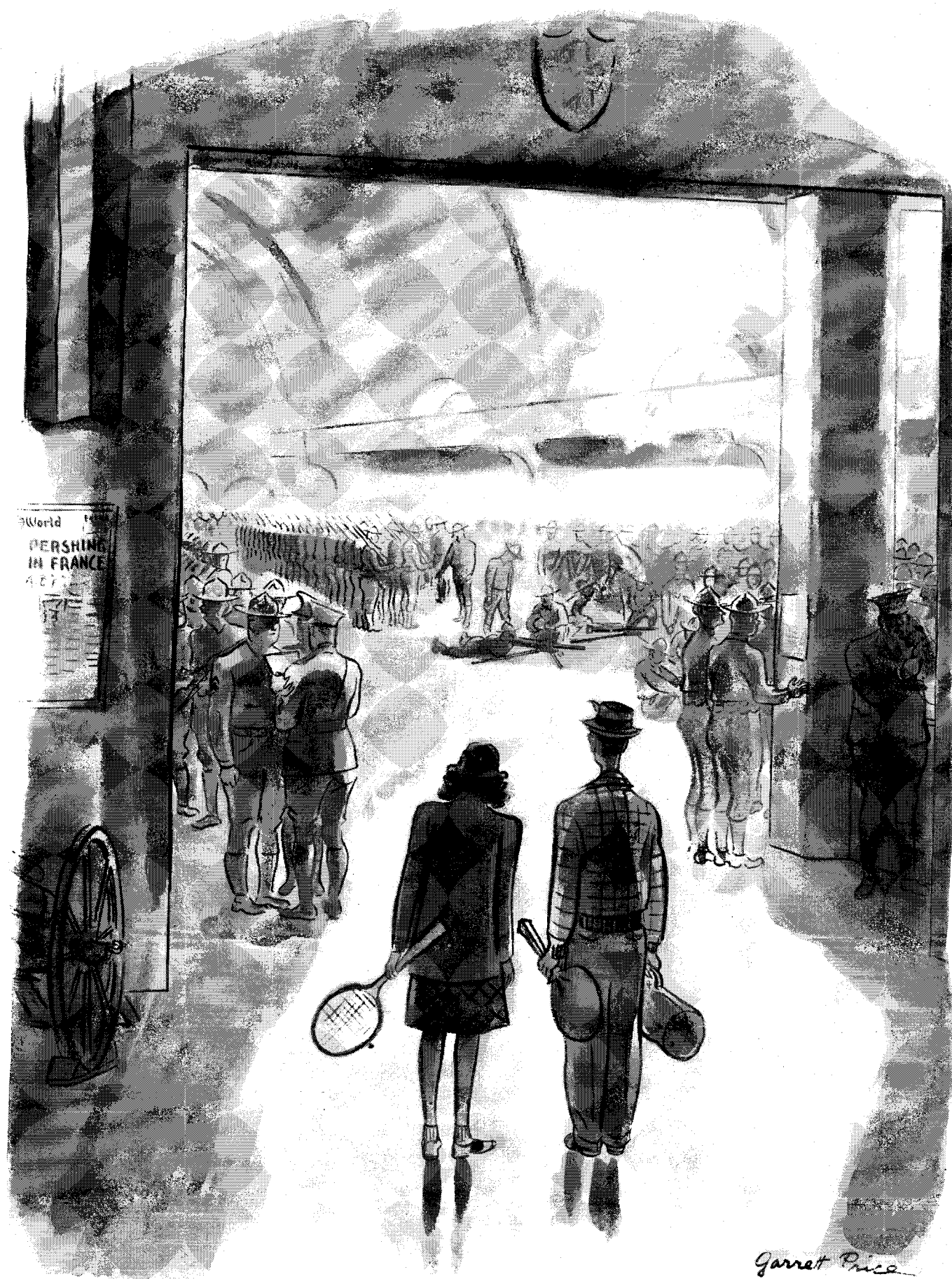
Mr. Williams will undertake a third radio chore this fall—the supervision of a program called "America Speaks," in which a series of guest speakers, making use of material issued by the government, will report on the progress of our preparedness program. The program will go on every Sunday night, and will be rotated between the three big networks. Incidentally, the phrase "selective conscription," used in the Burke-Wadsworth Act, is Mr. Williams'. He used the phrase in a series of broadcasts advocating a big preparedness program. It isn't a long leap, though, from the "selective draft" of 1917. His fan mail is full of letters accusing him of bias, which is only to be expected. After one broadcast he got letters accusing him of being in the pay of England, France, Germany, White Russia, Red Russia,

and Luxembourg. He now makes one concession to his listeners' prejudices—no longer mentions his belief that England has been much more hurt by the German aerial attacks than the censorship would have us think.

Tragedy

A MAN and his wife were strolling happily along the Atlantic City boardwalk one sunny Sunday afternoon, at peace with the world and each other. The male was so much at peace with the world that he thought a Scotch-and-soda would be nice. His wife said she didn't think she wanted one so early in the day, but that she'd smoke a cigarette, watch the ocean, and wait for him. Pretty soon she became aware of a large, conversational lady in a floppy hat standing at her side. After some preliminary talk about the weather, the large lady asked if the other were vacationing alone. "No," she said. "I'm with my husband. He's across the street having a drink." "Oh, dear," the large lady said. "There's so much trouble in the world, isn't there?"





"Aw, gee!"

THEY WEREN'T GOING TO DIE

THEY were most of them rather tall men—tall, lanky black men with their heads carried high and with dignity on their smooth, straight necks. If you walked behind a group of them wandering idly down the road, you could hear their shy, giddy laughter and speech, and you saw at once that the uniform they wore had nothing to do with their bones or their gait. The tunics and trousers and boots had all been made for somebody else, for some other race of men, who knew when they came to a town what they wanted: a *bistro*, or a *tabac*, or paper and ink to write to somebody at home. They were never made for the softly hee-heeing, melodiously murmuring Senegalese, who went plucking the heads off daisies and nudging each other like schoolgirls as they ambled through the springtime evening toward the river and fields out of the direction of, and the setting for, war.

There was a general term for the Senegalese. Frenchmen, marking with colored pins on the wall map the drastic, sweeping line of the German descent through France, would put their fingers down south of Lyons and say, "Here's where we're pushing the *chair de canon* up." If the black men had heard it, they would not have known what it meant, or anyway that it was meant for them. But they wouldn't have heard it, because they would have been wandering off toward the river, the incongruous army boots heavy and dusty on their feet and daisies or the flowers of other weeds broken off and brushing switchlike in their hands. They knew they were going to kill people, maybe a lot of people. They hadn't walked down the hills of home, descending the paths with their hands in their fathers' or their uncles' or their male cousins' or their older brothers' hands, toward the colonial towns and military service for absolutely nothing. They had taken a long time learning which was the right and which was the left, and how to count up to forty-six or seven, and what the foreign commands meant. In a little while they knew they were going to start singing again and do the belly dance to the tom-toms. But one thing they weren't going to do: they certainly weren't going to die.

Twenty or more of them had been billeted in the Count's stable on his property south of the city, and the first evening the Count left them alone. In the morning he put on his London-cut

gray tweed jacket and smoothed his oiled, thinning hair back and stepped down the driveway to look the Senegalese over in the sun. He was a big, well-manicured gentleman of fifty, with heavy shoulders and a corsetted *tour de taille* and pince-nez hanging on a ribbon. He stood in the stable door with the light behind him, and the baby lieutenant, whose family kept a good hotel on the waterfront at Cannes, was not quite certain how to address him or exactly what to say.

The Count said at once, "I gathered there was someone too young for it in command," and he snapped the pince-nez on the high, hard arch of the nose his ancestors had handed down from one generation to the next. "There's one of them got into the house," the Count said. "I saw the back of him making down the corridor as I came out."

The little lieutenant straightened up like a flash and settled his leather belt in a military way. "I'll have it taken care of at once, Monsieur," he said, but the Count wasn't finished with him yet. He took off his pince-nez and with the rim of one glass he tapped the lieutenant sharply on his khaki breast.

"I don't know what the Army's composed of this time or what kind of war you're running, young man," he said. "As far as I can see, there's no discipline, no order, not an ounce of stamina in the superiors." He drew up his heavy, stooping shoulders, sucked his waist in, as if for military bearing, and looked down on the young officer with his bleak, withering eye.

"I feel certain it won't happen again, Monsieur," the little officer said, but for all of that, it happened three times again that day.

It seemed there was nothing to be done with the tall, black, grinning fool who went sidling out of the loft no matter whom the lieutenant set to guard him, and went ambling back through the château's ancient, imported trees, and in through a window or a door, and down the ground-floor corridor to the place he liked so well. There they found him the first time when they searched the house, and there he was the second, and the third, not even taking the trouble to lock the door, as other people did when they entered this particular place. He was sitting on the window sill above the porcelain receptacle, his puttees unwound and his breeches drawn up high,

and his bare black feet hung down in the water that was there for another use entirely. The servants said they could hear him laughing out loud all the way to the kitchen whenever he pulled the chain and the water flushed up across his shins. The third time the lieutenant opened the door, the black man was sitting there, smiling right across his face.

"What in the name of God do you think you're in France for?" the Count exploded before the lieutenant could clear his throat.

"Kill Boche," said the Senegalese, with his feet dabbling in the water. "Come kill Boche," he said, and he was reaching up to pull the chain when the lieutenant took him by his tunic's neck and jerked him off the sill.

THE Count told the lieutenant that afternoon to get the blacks busy on the soil. His gardeners had been mobilized and he had been making out with a boy as best he could, but now he had had quite enough of this military horseplay. The potato plants were waiting for the earth to be hoed up compactly around them, so a half-dozen of the Senegalese were set to that, stripped to the waist and bent like oarsmen under the sun. Others were put to work the length of the strawberry beds, weeding and raking out between the clumps of low, glossy leaves and the just shedding strawberry flowers beneath the southern wall. The pear trees had been trained to spread out like vines across the wall's hot stones. On the other side the main road from Lyons led on around the curve and dropped down the hill to the village. Whenever the Senegalese turned their heads that way, they could see over the top of the wall, through the pear leaves, whatever happened to be passing by.

They could see the trees and the fields and the waters of the river moving off beyond, and they leaned on the rake handles and the spade handles, talking among themselves. They would strike at the ground a little, and then they would pause again, giggling at each other. They might have been merely waiting there. The Count came out after tea and he saw them leaning in these long, loose attitudes of ease, their big hands hanging from their idle wrists or clasped at rest on the rake handles and the spade handles and the hoes. There they had paused, like children halted on the edge of Christmas Eve.

"What are you *canaille* waiting



for?" the little lieutenant called out as he hurried across the drive. He was beginning to play his part quite well, although in a gentle way. The Senegalese shifted the instruments in their hands, and moved their feet, and looked out toward the river. "What are you waiting for to get on with the job?" the lieutenant shouted out, and one of the black men lifted his hand, like a black lily drooping from his wrist, and moved it toward the sky.

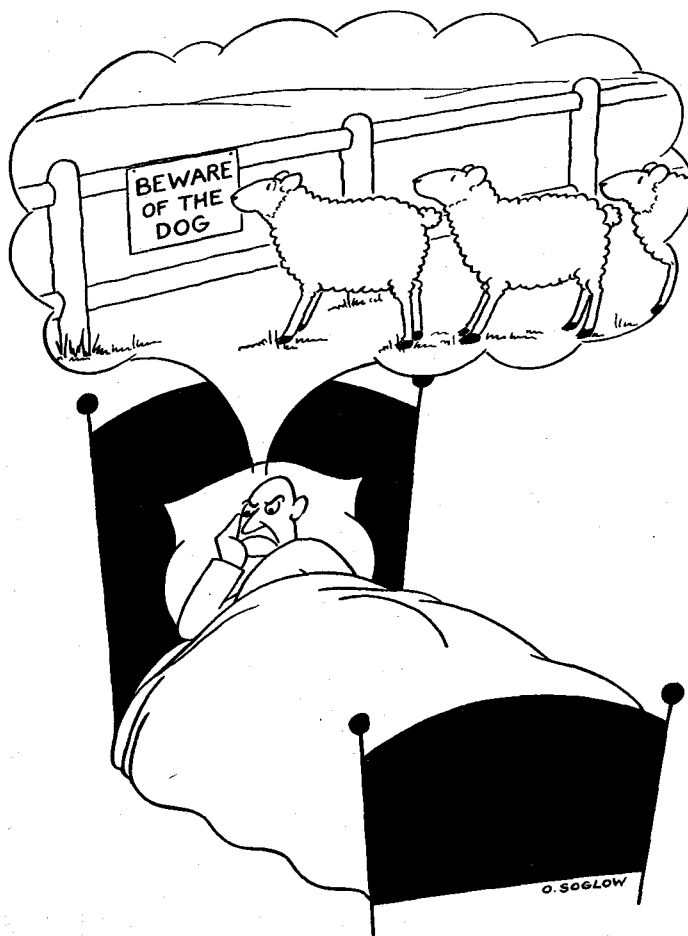
"Kill Boche," he said. "Waiting for the sun to go."

The Count looked around in mock bewilderment.

"But where is the Boche? There's no Boche here, as far as I can see," he said. "Everything's very peaceful and quiet here. No Boche, no kill," he said, and smiled around the vegetable garden at them. "Work," he said, and he made the gestures of spading, hoeing, raking before them on the air.

"Boche tomorrow, maybe Boche tonight," said the black man, and he lifted his hand again and moved it in casual indication from place to place. "Kill Boche there—there—there—there," he said, letting it fall from the wrist once toward the trees and once toward the wall and twice toward the road beyond it, and the Senegalese music of talk rose on their tongues again, then waned and died.

IT was just before six that evening that the first motorcycle was heard coming down the road. The three Senegalese near the pear trees straightened up from the strawberry beds. They saw first the trees on the other side of the wall and then the surface of the road and at last the color of the solitary rider's jacket as he came leaning to the handlebars. They spoke the word or gave the sign in silence, and then raced back across the garden and the drive to where the guns were stacked in the stable yard, their legs reaching, their mouths splitting wide. They went so fast they were back in time for the second one; he dropped from his machine just where the brass studs began marking the curve, and the motorcycle ran of itself a little way down the hill before it hit a tree.



The third had a sidecar with a machine gunner riding in it, but neither the driver on the leather saddle nor the gunner behind his curved glass shield had time to see the khaki turbans or the guns along the wall. The motorcycle did not make the turn this time but ran with the two dead men on its seats into the ditch and sputtered out there, and others coming along behind were thirty seconds too late to see. There they came, hastening down the road from Lyons, sidecar after sidecar, and as they came, the black men picked them off over the garden wall and jumped up and down on the strawberry plants on their naked feet in glee.

The seventh or eighth was a single rider again, and this time the warning was there, splattered out on the road before him. He lifted his head to the pear leaves on top of the wall, and braked so that the tires cried aloud, and swung the machine on its haunches, rearing and pawing the air. When he poured into speed and streamed back up the road, crouched flat to the bars, the black men's hearts stood still in pain. They waited there for a moment, and then they looked at each other, and they could no longer find the sounds of laughter or speech. It might have been just

after six on Christmas Day, and the stockings emptied, the presents all opened, the candles on the tree put out. They hadn't quite got over it when the nimble little tank came down the road, its eyes, like those of a snail, fingering them out, or when the second tank came down behind it and a piece of the garden wall suddenly blew in.

THE look of disappointment was on their faces still when the Count came out to have a look at them lying there. The machine gunners who had finished them off were removing smoked goggles just inside the gate. A German officer met the Count and chatted amiably with him as they walked out through the rose garden, which shielded the vegetable beds from the drive. There were the black men, foolish-looking and rather giddy even in death, lying among the strawberry flowers and the potato plants.

"The staff will be along almost at once," the German officer said in a rather heavy but easy French. "I'd like to get this cleaned up without delay. It's a charming place, really charming. Regrettable that it was necessary to touch the wall."

The Count put his pince-nez on with a hand that did not tremble, and the thought struck him with singular force: Gentlemen, actually well-bred men this time. He said aloud, "The bodies removed?" and he felt himself sickening, and turned the other way.

"Buried," said the German officer pleasantly. He had a kid glove, as scrupulously clean as if just lifted from the haberdasher's counter, on the hand with which he touched the Count's tweed. "I'm sorry to give you all this trouble," he said. "The staff will require most of the bedrooms, for the moment at least." Then he turned toward the black men again and gave his orders. "Right where they are," he said shortly. "Snipers' burial."

"Right there—there, you mean?" said the Count. He was thinking confusedly of the potato plants and the strawberry flowers, but he could not bring himself to turn and look at them again.

—KAY BOYLE

THE LADY AND THE FOX

MY usual waitress brought me my usual order of wheat cakes and coffee and was about to go off when I whistled. She noticed my popping eyes and turned toward the door to see what was making them pop.

"Boy!" I said, shaking my head. "Now, that's what I call a load of fur!" And it was a load of fur that was being pushed toward a table by her escort. Sticking out of the pile was a face topped by a mass of bright blonde hair. "Yeah," I said, my eyes still glued on her, "that coat musta been a government project or something. Just think of the money and labor that went into that thing: trappers getting the animals, another crew skinning them, still another outfit treating the pelts, and then finally the experts putting all the pieces together so they spell that overcoat Baby's got on." I turned to the waitress. "Say, waddeya call that little number she's wearing?" I asked.

I was going to ask her something else—I don't know the first thing about furs—but before I could speak, she snapped, "Look, Mister, I'm not inarrested what the lady's got on her back, see? In fact, I'm not inarrested in furs the lease little particle. You can take every hunka skin you can lay your hands on, and for my part you can throw the junk into the Atlantic Ocean. That's what I, personally, think of furs!" She turned on her heel and hurried away.

I wondered what I had said to get a rise like that out of her. Why, only a minute ago she was so nice and pleasant, and now—"The hell with it!" I said to myself. Half the hash-slingers you meet are batty anyhow. They have to be in order to handle the nuts who come into their joints. Those diet-crazy nuts, they want their food cooked this way—no, make it that way—or, better still, fix it the other way, but make sure there's no watchamacallit in the food, because they're allergic to watchamacallits; yeah, and don't forget to change this vegetable to that vegetable, because they just can't stand this vegetable. A whole day of that kind of thing from cranks who are going to complain no matter what special service they get and a wait-

ress is just about ready for the peace and quiet of a padded cell.

BY the time I had figured out the Case of the Upset Waitress, I was ready for a second cup of coffee and I ordered it. As the waitress put the cup down, she said, keeping her voice low, "I guess I shouldna popped off the way I did. Excuse me."

"That's all right," I said. "No harm done. Forget it."

"But I can't forget it," she said. "You shouldna talked about furs, 'cause every time anybody talks about furs I feel I wanna scream."

I was about to ask her what had happened, but I remembered how she had acted at my last question, so I just waited and said nothing.

"Listen," she said. "Three four years ago, it was the summertime, see, and my boy friend—well, he really wasn't my boy friend, I mean he was just a customer and he was kinda shy till one day he says would I care to go out on a

date, and so I finey said, 'Sure. O.K. Why not?' So he took me on an excursion boat up the Hudson, to Bear Mountain it was. Very lovely. Anyways, Curly—that was his name, I mean his nickname, Curly, on account his hair was curly—anyways, he was a very nice, clean-cut fella, a little gentleman the whole time. I mean, even on the way home at night, we sat together and he spoke about this, that, and the other thing, not once did he make a crack or try to get fresh. Not once. Not even in a nice way. Oh, he was a perfect little gentleman.

"Well, anyways, the boat's about to dock and I'm getting my things together when I turn around and there I see on one of the deck chairs is a red-fox fur piece, it's lying on a chair. So I said to Curly, 'Look, Curly, somebody musta forgot that very lovely red-fox fur piece over there.' So I pick it up and just for the fun of it I put it around my neck and, gee whiz, I feel like a million dollars, it's so lovely. 'Can you imagine, Curly,' I says to my escort, 'forgetting this beautiful red-fox fur piece? Believe



"If I were you, I wouldn't touch on anything too controversial down here."

me, if this fur piece was mine, you'd never catch me leaving it behind on a boat. No, sir, never! Not in a million years.' So he says to me I should turn it in to the lost-and-found department. 'Listen, Curly,' I says to him, 'there's no lost-and-found department on a boat.' So he says I should take it to the captain, there's bound to be a captain on a boat. 'But why should I take it to the captain?' I says. 'What proof I got he won't give it to his wife or his girl friend? Why should I let a perfect stranger have the satisfaction of getting this lovely red-fox fur piece when they didn't find it but I found it and I can use this just the same as them, if not better?' I says.

"Well, you shoulda heard the way he carried on, that Curly. Honestly, I thought he was a very clean-cut type boy, but the things he said to me, right to my very face! He had the nerve to say that if I didn't take it to the captain right away it was the same like I was stealing it. Can you imagine! I'm stealing it! Finely I says to him, 'Listen. I'm gonna wait on this same exact spot till the boat lands. Then I'm gonna stand here ten to fifteen minutes after that so whoever lost it can come along and I'll be very happy to give it back to them. But if the party don't show up after that, all I can say if anybody is careless enough to go round losing lovely red-fox fur pieces like this, they must have plenty more fur pieces where this came from, so I am not sorry what happens to them or their property,' I says.

"You know what he says—Curly? He isn't gonna take me home. He simply is not gonna take me home if I'm wearing the fur, on account he's not in the habit of escorting stolen property home. Hoddeya like that? So I says, 'Oh, being I found this fur, that makes me a crook, does it? Listen, Mr. Curly Whatever-Your-Last-Name-Is,' I says to him, 'I'm not in the habit of having strangers calling me crooks, specially when the stranger happens to be my escort, see? Furthermore,' I says to him, 'I was perfectly capable of finding my way home a long time before I ever met you, and I'll still be perfectly capable of finding my way home even after I met you. So good-bye and good riddance.' Gee, was I mad and did I give him a good piece of my mind!"

"Well, what happened?" I said.

"Well, after the boat docked I waited around and I waited around and finely nobody showed up, so I took the red-fox fur piece home and I—oh, excuse

I KNOW YOU'LL LIKE THEM

You don't need to study any ponderous tome
To find out how to make your out-of-town guests feel not at home,
Because there is one way which couldn't be less exquister
For enthralling the visitor.
You plan a little gathering informal and sociable
And you ask a few friends whose manners are irreproachable,
And you speak up with all the pride of Mr. Dewey announcing a couple of
important impending arrests,
And you say, Friends, this is Mr. and Mrs. Comfitmonger, my out-of-town
guests,
And you even amplify your introduction so as to break the ice with more velocity,
And you tell them that Mrs. Comfitmonger used to be a policewoman and
Mr. Comfitmonger is a piano-tuner of no mean virtuosity,
And you hint that Mr. Comfitmonger has had some pretty intriguing experiences
in his years as a virtuoso,
And that Mrs. Comfitmonger while pounding her beat has dealt with
personalities who would scare the pants off Lombroso.
And that everything is all set for a dandy evening of general chitchat is what
you think,
And you retire to the pantry to prepare everybody a drink,
And you hear the *brouhaha* of vivacious voices,
And your heart rejoices,
Because it seems that your friends find Mr. Comfitmonger's anecdotes of life
under the Steinways fascinating
And are spellbound by Mrs. Comfitmonger's articulate opposition to arson and
assassinating,
And you say, This party is indeed de-luxe,
And you emerge to find all your friends excitedly discussing putts that wouldn't
go down and stocks that wouldn't go up, and Mr. and Mrs.
Comfitmonger over in a corner leafing through your books,
And if you think you can turn the conversation to Palestrina or police work,
You've taken on a mighty pretty job of piecework,
Because if there is one thing in which everybody's home-team friends are
unerring,
It is to confine their conversation to mutual acquaintances and episodes as to
which your visiting friends have no idea of to what they are referring.
Most people are only vocal
When talking local.

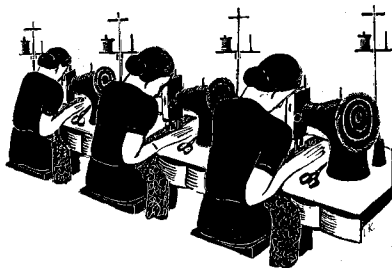
—OGDEN NASH

me." She went off to wait on some people who had come in.

AFTER a while she returned to my table, and I asked, "Ever see Curly again?"

"Him?" she said. "Say, I couldn't be bothered. He never came in here again, either. You know, he was a nice, clean-cut boy going up to Bear Mountain, but coming back—oh, well!" She sighed and then collected herself. "Oh, about the fur. Well, I kept it put away

in the closet for a coupla months. I dunno why I didn't wanna wear it, but anyways I kept it in the closet. Finely one night some friends of mine, a club, they're holding some affair and I think of the red fox, so I take it outa the closet and I'm going outa the house when my mother sees the fur piece and she says to me, 'And where did you get that?' 'I found it on a boat,' I says to her. 'Oh, yeah? Listen,' she says, 'I may be your mother, but that don't mean I was born yesterday. Now, you take that fur piece right back to the party who gave it to you and you tell him that no daughter of Mrs. Reinicker's ever gonna take no presents from a man.' Can you tie that? Without she didn't even give me the courtesy to explain how I found it, she's accusing some man gave it to me! Well, finely I says to her, 'Listen, Ma, I'll take an oath on a stacka Holy Bibles if some



man gimme this fur.' So I tell her the whole story, all about Curly, too, how I found the fur.

"Listen. My mother knows I got twelve dollars put away in the savings bank for some rainy day, and you know what she makes me do? She makes me take out all the twelve bucks and I put an ad in the papers, the *Times* it was, the lost-and-found department. And it's in the paper every day till the whole twelve bucks are used up. I advertised whoever lost the red-fox fur piece on the boat, and I give them my phone number.

"So I waited and I waited, and finey I says to my mother 'Now are you satisfied the party didn't show up?' and she says, 'O.K. You did what's right. Now my conscience don't bother me.'

"I dunno. Maybe I kept thinking about Curly. Maybe it was the twelve bucks it took me so long to save up. Anyways, I couldn't get the satisfaction outa the red-fox fur piece like I should. So I put it away in the closet and I didn't take it out till Raymond come along."

"Raymond?" I asked.

"He's a very snappy dresser, Raymond. I met him at some sociable the club was giving. He says to me how would I like some night we go to a night club and go dancing. So I said, 'O.K. Sure. Why not?' Anyways, we make a date and I remember the keen outfit he got on the last time, so I figger I oughta wear something nice, too, to go with his snappy dressing. So I take out the red-fox fur piece and I wear it and we go to the Hotel Taft that night, Frankie Masters and his band.

"Well, the minute Raymond laid his eyes on the fur piece he didn't let up one minute. 'Well, for God's sakes,' he says to me, 'where did you get that hunka dog skin?' 'It's not dog skin,' I says to him. 'It happens to be a genuwine red fox.' 'Go on,' he says, 'I bet you had the dog in the family so long when he died you couldn't bear to part with him, so you're wearing him around your neck.'

"Then, when we went to the Taft, he says to the hat-check girl, 'Will you please lock her fur piece in a cage and don't forget to give it some water every half an hour or else it'll die all over again.' Even with the waiter, he orders two highballs and besides that he



"Is it all right if I park on the bias?"

says he should bring a leash for the dog around my neck.

"Well, he kept it up a whole night almost, and finey I says to him I wanna go home, I got a headache and I'm not feeling so good. And that's the truth. So I leave the fur piece on a chair and I go to the powder room to get ready to leave and I hear a coupla dizzy hens, they're laughing and giggling and I figger they are drunk, and finey I hear they are talking about the imitation red fox somebody got on and isn't she a scream, and they are having a high old time and finey I figger they are talking about me, the dizzy old hens.

"So I says to Raymond he should take me home right away on account my headache. And he says how about stopping at a drugstore, he should get an aspirin for my headache and how about getting some Listerine for the fox fur piece, the hair is coming out something bad. Well, did I give him a good piece of my mind right then and there!

"So I take the subway home all by myself, and when I get to my station I leave the red-fox fur piece in the subway and I says to myself—gee whiz, was the tears streaming down my face

by that time!—I says to myself, 'Good riddance to bad rubbish!'

"So can you blame me for losing my temper a little while ago?" she asked, wiping the glass table top and emptying the ashtray. "It was on account a lousy fur piece I'm out twelve bucks it took me so long to save up. And I'll never see Curly again—such a nice, clean-cut type boy, at lease on the way up to Bear Mountain. And that Raymond, gee, could he dance! Another Fred Astaire, only Raymond's more snappy when it comes to dressing."

The bright blonde and her escort got up from their table. He plunged a hand somewhere in the pile of fur and guided her toward the door.

"Listen," the waitress whispered to me, "you asked me what type fur she's got on. That's a genuwine silver-fox cape." She eyed the coat admiringly and heaved a deep sigh. "Very lovely! Very!"

—ARTHUR KOBER

WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE DEPT.

[From the *Akron Beacon-Journal*]

Weathervane playhouse is blossoming with new duds for its September debut.



THE INNER MAN
Drugstore Lunch

PROFILES

RUSHVILLE'S RENOWNED SON-IN-LAW

MR. WENDELL L. WILLKIE was born in a comfortable nine-room frame dwelling with a big kitchen, in Elwood, Indiana, and is now campaigning for a more uneasy residence in the nation's silk-hung White House. In the forty-eight intervening years, no political habitations have either sheltered or shaped him. He has lived in no gubernatorial mansion with devious, lengthy corridors of approach. Nor has he ever called the Senate home or lolled among its mixed furnishings, with the feet and foreign-policy reports dominating its legislative desks. To some of his enthusiastic followers, he appears as one who seems to have dwelt, almost pantheistically, among waving fields of corn—except for twenty-one highly successful urban years behind a roll-topped corporation desk.

Because Willkie inconveniently lacks the political past to balance his future against, prophecy is forced to back up and make comparison with the nonpolitical qualifications of the men who have tenanted the White House. While two of the few jobs he's never worked at have been those of history professor and president of a university (though young Willkie's ambition was to occupy a chair in history, and recently, on refusing the presidency of a jerkwater college, he said he'd never turned down an offer with such regret, since it was his dream job), Willkie has probably read, and digested, though certainly in a dissimilar manner, more books on history and economics than Princeton's Woodrow Wilson. Until Willkie's habitual reading was interrupted by that not very loud call from the G.O.P., he had for years read an average of four solid new books weekly.

In his conversation, Willkie comfortably makes time-tested verbal slips like "those kind of things." But as a quondam free-lance writer, tickled at having sold twenty-one articles, including three to the *Saturday Evening Post* and one to the *Atlantic Monthly*, Willkie the scribe would doubtless, even if there were still a national hope of reviving "normalcy," avoid that dubious word popularized by editor Warren G. Harding. Unlike Harding, Willkie would also have no embarrassing crowd of intimate old pals to turn up in Washington. Apparently, Willkie has literally only one intimate old pal to turn up anywhere—a Mr. Frederic

Attwood, a director of the Ohio Brass Company. As young married couples in the postwar Ohio days, the Willkies and Attwoods became and remained exceptionally close friends. Although Willkie has lived in New York eleven years, and dozens of New Yorkers say they know him, few of them say they know him well. Like many transplanted provincials, he is an all-out eclectic. He seems to become so genuinely interested in so many new people that he hasn't time to make old friends of any. His habit of having almost no intimates may partly stem from his dislike of what he calls "obligations." This is an item of his personal psychology which he seems willing to include even in his political platform. In a recent private interview, he said, "I think I'm the only candidate except George Washington who accepted the nomination with no commitments." It's such unorthodox candor, such bracketing of implications with unwelcome, unfamiliar history, above all such parching prophecy to plum-thirsty Party boys, that make the worried Republican Old Guard wonder if their Philadelphia natural is going to turn out to be a national G.O.P. abnormal.

The homespun qualities of Calvin Coolidge, the rural Vermonter, seemed pre-shrunk. Willkie's Hoosier homespun is simpler—a full thirty-six inches to the yard, and often over. Handsome-eyed Willkie is not handicapped by secular obstinacies of the kind that impaired Herbert Hoover's vision. In certain sections of his nature, Willkie is a mugwump, and proud of it. He's a Republican candidate from a Democratic house, where his father once entertained William Jennings Bryan, the father's idol, at the family supper table. One of the several mysterious somethings lacking in the Republican Party's last three professional political candidates its amateur Willkie possesses to a positive degree—masculine charm. As a man, the dashing Willkie was certainly more popular with his TVA enemies—outside the courtroom, at least—than lacklustre Hoover was with the postwar Belgians to whom he gave sweet charity.

It's in the final, nonpolitical comparison with Franklin Roosevelt that, even his partisans seem to feel, more than the usual campaign dangers lie. Apparently the hardboiled G.O.P. bosses have agreed on this with the thirty "amateur advisers" whom the Republican



Wendell L. Willkie

Herald Tribune sadly listed as actually bossing Willkie's seven-thousand-mile campaign trip. If the Party bosses haven't agreed, they probably would have if they had only been invited along on the special train, where they could have got close enough to the amateurs to do a little agreeing. It's just an imponderable in the G.O.P. psyche, but still there's the angry, sensitive hunch that Roosevelt has set a worldly, even elegant, standard in Presidents that is new to this century—a standard he practically owns the patent on after eight years of his Groton grandee accent and his golden radio voice, both of which he's graciously willing to donate for twelve years if desired—and that this Roosevelt standard competes unfairly ("just like his crazy New Deal") with the private, simpler Presidential enterprise of the Republicans' go-ahead, experienced, brainy, wise-cracking, historical-minded, self-made, Middle Western white hope, Wendell Willkie.

Except in campaign years, when the voter is too busy applauding, he has the critical leisure to see that any super-successful politician is part unsuccessful actor of the type Broadway calls ham. One of the differences between the two candidates is that Roosevelt's ham is the fancy concoction, *mousse au jambon*; Willkie's is still simple, savory, straight ham. As a boy, surrounded by the now-famous Willkie family library of 6,700 volumes, Wendell, as well as his five brothers and sisters, used to read Shakespeare aloud to his father in the parlor; his favorite declamatory rôle was that of the martyred King Lear. He still

uses his sense of the dramatic, which is a by-product of his untiring physical energy, as a social outlet. His conversational comebacks are instinctive ad-libs; he builds up to the tag line that gets the hearty belly laugh (and editorial silence from his belated ally, the *New York Times*). Even certain of Willkie's friends admiringly speak of him as if he were a road company: "He had them in the aisles last night," "He put on a wonderful performance." Certainly, especially for a Presidential candidate, he possesses to a remarkable degree an old theatrical troupers' sense of funny business. Making a campaign speech at Providence, in gesturing, he accidentally knocked a water glass from the rostrum. In his next pause he grabbed the water pitcher and took a big gulp from it. His audience roared.

WILLKIE is a curious human being, not so much a complicated man as one composed of various separate compartments, all filled to different levels. He is part Thespian, and part debater, historian, corporation lawyer, big businessman, small farmer, Wall Street practitioner, Elwood resident, contemporary political candidate, and one-time rebel. He has more color than is usually becoming to corporation heads,

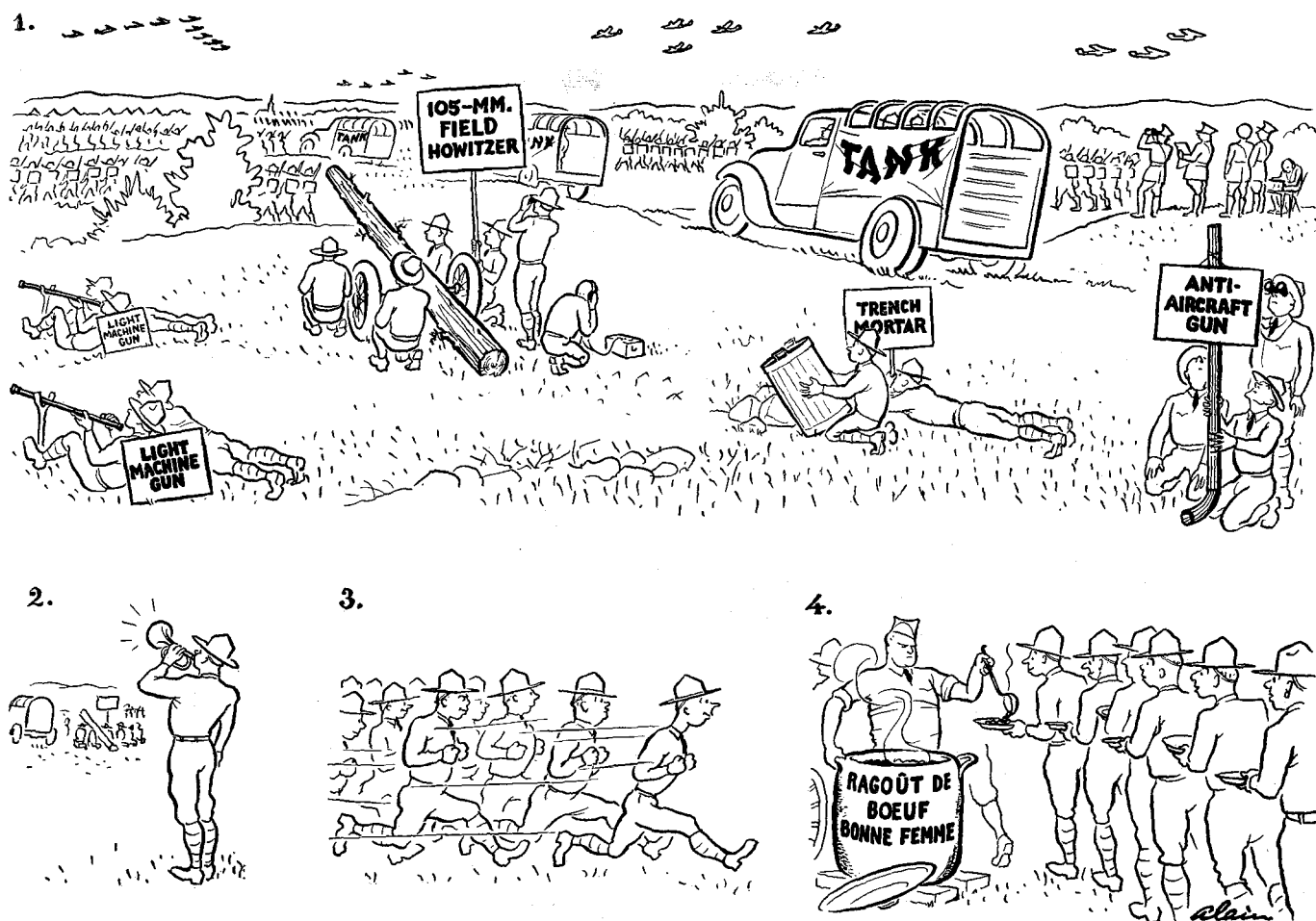
has more respect for property than is common to a mummer; as a history-reading lawyer, he once called himself "an industrial statesman;" as a financier, he has chosen not to become a millionaire; as a Wall Street public-relations counsel, he has elected to remain an agrarian Hoosier; as a G.O.P. nominee, he has nearly become a Third Party; as an anti-New Deal homespun *révolté*, he is now solidly fighting for privileged capital against the socializations of an erratic aristocrat. Willkie has made his way in the world because he has a restless, resourceful, hard-working, well-stocked, virile mind—an adroit, alert, and nimble brain set above his heavy, buffalo shoulders. His convictions, which he changes from time to time, and his energy, which never alters, are what make him tick. The direction of his mind is extensive rather than intensive; as pundits in Washington point out, profundity is not necessarily an asset in a President. His former staff in Commonwealth & Southern say that whereas most people meditate, Willkie thinks. What he puts his finger on most easily are the reasons underlying actions. He takes in things not piecemeal but in their entirety. He is not a wit, he is a josh; his mind is not rapier-like, but at its best it is razor-sharp.

The geography behind Willkie is a perfect backdrop for the rural, rugged, Lincolnian figure some of his partisans have seen in him as he paced the floor of his office, located, appropriately enough, on Pine Street, in the heart of the financial district. Madison County, the part of Indiana Willkie was born and brought up in, is prettier but no less sturdy than the rest of the state. It is rolling, fertile land, mottled pink and white with Judas trees and dogwood in the spring. The big, callow, blossoming tulip trees, the black-walnut trees, with their ochreous-green leaves, and the heart-leaved catalpas are special features of the local landscape, not to be confused with the topiary flora of the more elegant East. In the little towns like Willkie's birthplace, Elwood, soft maples line the streets. Between 1889 and 1892, the year Willkie was born, Elwood's population jumped from about two thousand to thirteen thousand, owing to a boom in natural gas. Previously there had been an Elwood tin-mine boom; Welsh miners had been imported and the town was tough, with "forty-odd poolrooms and bordellos" (as the Republican Party's publicity department complacently announces in a mimeographed buildup of its candidate's ungilded background). Both Elwood and the lawyer Herman Willkie, the candidate's father, who had been speculating in real estate, went bankrupt in the panic of 1893. Herman Willkie, who was of German Prussian stock, seems to have been an independent-minded and occasionally unlucky chap, a fiery, successful court pleader, a bookworm who woke his six children up in the morning by shouting literary quotations at them. Wendell's mother, whose maiden name was Henrietta Trisch, was also of German stock and was also a lawyer, the first woman admitted to the Indiana bar. She had a remarkably quick mind, held her children to rigid rules, won crochet prizes, painted, played the piano by ear, and by nature was eccentric.

The six little Willkies—two girls and four boys, Wendell being the fourth child—had an irregular, stimulating childhood. A hired girl kept an eye on them, and fed them at odd hours, while they argued about what they'd been reading and quizzed each other, squabbling over the answers. Willkie says that the night last April he was the guest of "Information Please" reminded him of supper back home when he was a boy. The tangled Willkie finances finally straightened out, but the family never touched affluence. In high



"And thanks to sulfamilamide, here I am today."



school, Wendell was a cross between Peck's Bad Boy and a minority reform leader. He stole the physiology-laboratory skeleton and hung it outside the classroom window; he painted his class numerals, 1910, in green on a high gas tank, and fell off and broke his arm when a policeman ordered him down by firing into the air. Though a member of a high-school fraternity, he founded an anti-fraternity club called the King of the Beasts. He didn't study any too hard but got by on his talent for talk and his superior I.Q. As a junior, he was rated the most important boy in Elwood High; as a senior, he was elected class president.

Because he needed the money and because Hoosier boys were supposed to be of stern stuff and to work during summer vacations, Willkie, who started his first newspaper route at the age of ten, had held, by the time he graduated from law school fourteen years later, about twenty humble, part-time jobs, more than half of which the G.O.P. gratefully is advertising. He was a short-order restaurant cook (his wife says he must have been terrible, as he now can't boil water), a vegetable picker in California, and a barker for a South Dakota boom-town tent hotel.

The briefest job he held was in Yellowstone Park, where he undertook to drive an eight-horse tourist wagon, a trick which he had supposed was not four times more difficult than driving one farm team. Within five minutes he drove the wagon off the road. He was fired.

WILLKIE had an excellent local education. He attained his Bachelor of Arts at Indiana University in 1913. Since all of the six Willkie children eventually attended the university, there were usually several there at the same time. They lived in a house run by the elder sister, Julia, pooling their contributions from home and what they earned at odd chores. Since he took more than twenty hours of classes weekly instead of the regular fifteen, Willkie was graduated in slightly less than four years, during which he completed nearly five years of academic work—three and a half years of liberal arts and nearly a year and a half of law. In his senior year he joined the swagger Beta Theta Pi fraternity, where handsome Paul McNutt was a brother. Previous to this, Willkie had been a non-fraternity man. The magazine *Fortune* and the Republican Par-

ty have allegorically painted Willkie as having rebelliously stuck (for three years, at any rate) with the underdogs instead of joining up with the privileged classes. Willkie, however, says that back in Elwood high-school days he had squired a nice little Welsh girl to the school dances; that he even left his family's Methodist church to join her Welsh Episcopalian mission, where she was active and where he even was a youthful lay reader for a while. Being a foreigner, she didn't get a bid to any high-school sorority. To avenge the caste system's slight on her, Willkie says, he held out against fraternities, on going to Indiana U, until his senior year, when, inappropriately, the Welsh girl wrote to say she'd joined the Theta Sorority at Butler University, in Indianapolis. His cause lost, he joined Beta Theta Pi. Some Indiana classmates, now New Dealers, say that Willkie started out in college as a roughneck and didn't become a biddable fraternity type until he calmed down.

After his A.B. came nine months of teaching history and basketball at a high school in Coffeyville, Kansas, where he recently made a campaign speech to an estimated fifty thousand Kansans. It is supposedly in Coffeyville that, lonely for



"Men, I want you to go back on that field and win. The school is counting on you, the alumni is counting on you, and one thing more—there's a scout from the Redskins out there."

his family, unsettled, insecure, Willkie crystallized the youthful desire to be—as it was expressed—free and the discovery that "money is power." As his first step toward both freedom and money, he returned to Indiana University, entered the Law School, and was graduated in 1916 at the head of his class, winning all three first prizes given there—the Moot Court prize, one given for the best special thesis, and an award of a legal encyclopedia.

Willkie's seven years of college were formative, informative, and symptomatic. Of the six Willkie children, he made the most striking impression on the campus. Wearing a red turtleneck sweater, he piled up quite a record: he declaimed against the fraternities, then joined one; challenged the Bible; preached Jack London Socialism, then Jeffersonian Democracy; advocated the abolition of all inheritances; finally won the prizes; was combative, dramatic, argumentative, ready to support a point even with his fists. Senator Sherman Minton, a fellow-alumnus who was on the university debating team with

Willkie, says coldly, "Wendell knew all the answers."

IN one of Willkie's first cases after he returned to Elwood in 1916 to practice law, he opposed his lawyer father in court. According to the G.O.P.'s remarkably intimate publicity sheets, Willkie *père's* summation of the case consisted of one sentence: "I am sure my son will become a great lawyer, because he can talk so much and say so little." Willkie the elder won the case. Wendell didn't have much time to settle down in law. The day the United States declared war, he enlisted in the Army; he landed in Glasgow and then was sent to Bordeaux. Before he left for overseas as a lieutenant in the 325th Field Artillery, 84th Division, he married Miss Edith Wilk, an assistant librarian in Rushville, Indiana. The story of his proposal to her—"Edith, I'd like to change that Wilk to Willkie"—and the story that a blizzard made the bridegroom two days late and froze the bridal bouquet he was bringing her, and also froze the bridegroom's ears, are already

famous, but no more than they should be. The Willkies have one son, Philip, who is now in his last year at Princeton.

Willkie returned from France, a captain, in 1919; discharged in June, he joined the legal department of the Firestone Tire & Rubber Co., in Akron, at a salary of \$2,500 yearly; in September he was raised to \$3,600; the following January he was boosted to \$5,000. Willkie, the future fighter of the Democratic government's Tennessee Valley Authority; Willkie, the future New York public-utilities counsel and public-relations man; Willkie, the future Republican candidate for the Presidency of the United States, was, without suspecting it, started on his way.

IF Willkie hadn't got into a fight with Mr. Roosevelt's TVA, it is doubtful if Mr. Roosevelt or the American public would ever have heard of him, and it is sure that he would never have run for President. In 1929, Willkie had come out of the West to become a partner in the New York law firm of Weadock & Weadock, general counsel to Commonwealth & Southern, a public utility devoted to selling electricity. By 1933, Willkie was president of C. & S. His job was that of public-relations man, prepared to present, as he said, his corporation's "corporate views, ably and dispassionately." In 1934, TVA and C. & S. began a lengthy struggle—for customers, really—that eventually became the leading politico-financial melodrama of the New Deal epoch. With masterly surface psychology and obviously deep personal conviction, Willkie presented the situation as a human struggle, an inhuman persecution, in which the protagonists were dreary sums susceptible of many interpretations, electric-light wires, something called "objective rate," (which few people ever understood), a New Deal government which Willkie declared was "holding a gun at the head" of his corporation, and legal convolutions which were long and wily on both sides. The drama ended with Willkie losing his case in court. The C. & S. struggle, a struggle which Euro-

peans would see as a struggle between twentieth-century *étatisme* and nineteenth-century private enterprise, is one strange to our American era. The result was also strange. At the last minute of the Philadelphia convention, the Republican Party, having finally looked under Mr. Dewey's hat, into Mr. Taft's ballot box, and straight into the face of Mr. Roosevelt's third term, suddenly discovered that in Hoosier Wendell Willkie they had a Lochinvar.

Because he's a public-utilities man, with the rich big businessmen of Westchester County and Long Island reputedly perched on the G.O.P. barricades behind him, Willkie's campaign has been dubbed the Commuters' Counter-Revolution. Yet a Commonwealth & Southern official who is described on Wall Street as the greatest living authority on Willkieana has been at a loss to tell reporters who Willkie's big-business personal friends are. Clubmen around town say that his closest downtown friends are Perry Hall of Morgan Stanley and Thomas Lamont of the J. P. Morgan Company (the Philadelphia convention rumor was that Lamont arrived there to offer Willkie some help and was politely given the bum's rush by the candidate's political advisers), and that other business friends include Sloan Colt, the banker; George Howard, head of the United Corporation; and Roy Howard, the publisher. With these people, or some of them—there's no set clique—Willkie plays a little poker, perhaps monthly. He loves to gamble, and will bet on anything except horses. Some kibitzers say Willkie plays poker with a twenty-five-cent limit. He has Indiana relatives who say he never touches a card. Obviously the downtown men hope that Willkie, if elected, will remember to play ball, as well as poker, with them. He plays nothing else they enjoy—neither badminton, nor tennis, nor squash. He is, however, a member of the Bras Coupé fishing club in Ontario. He used to go out from the clubhouse with his canoe and guide, sit on a rock, open a bag of books, and read while his guide caught the fish Willkie would brag about that night in camp, telling in detail how he landed them. He loves this kind of masculine hoaxing, and likes to kid the other fellows. He also swears like a trooper, although he isn't much of a storyteller. He's no clubman by nature, though he is a member of the Century, University, Recess, Lawyers, and the Blind Brook golf club (but he doesn't play golf). By preference, the only physical exercise Willkie takes is talk.

It's in conversation with an individ-

THE AFFAIR HAD LONG BEEN OVER

He remembered her vividly, as though she were a bird
Whose wings burned suddenly behind some summer bough
And then were gone, the frail form vanishing
Among huge trunks of thought. He could not recapture now,
Either with snare of desire or salt of recollection,
That soft and sudden voice and quick, light wing
That were of such short duration and of such perfection.

A man becomes addled when loose in the wood of his life,
And the bright morning noises are dulled in the afternoon,
Yet, sitting there by the fire, beside his selected wife,
Though he mused sadly, he had not neglected
To realize that this girl, whose memory left him elated,
Would never have let herself be taken and dissected,
Silenced and clipped and coldly domesticated.

—HARRY BROWN

ual that Willkie exhibits his mind at its best. With an audience of one he is careful in his reasoning, willing to admit an error or fallacy in his argument, and intellectually scrupulous, like a college student fresh from his books. At such moments his mind sweeps out all the corners. He's definitely less good with a group of friends, adopts the platform technique, and enjoys differing for the sheer mental acrobacy of being on the opposite side. Willkie has a special interest in public debates, based on an old-fashioned belief that they have the most direct effect on public opinion. His famous Town Hall debate about three years ago with Robert H. Jackson, then Assistant Attorney General of the United States, drew an overflow audience and six minutes of overtime debating from Willkie, who apparently forgot that the program was being broadcast. This debate was second only to Willkie's TVA fight in bringing him before the American public. Willkie thinks that he is better when speaking extemporaneously than he is when reading something he has written beforehand. He likes to feel he keeps his mind open—until he decides to close it, at which moment he becomes evasive and hard-headed. Also, he is expert at rationalization. When he first came to New York, the Mid-Western Willkie, invited to lunch with some Morgan men, stated in a press interview that he was "ready to punch them in the nose" if they tried to offer

him any advice. He was afterward offered, and in a fit of mild schizophrenia he accepted, not advice but a place on the board of directors of the First National Bank, which certainly is no enemy of the Morgan interests.

ON the whole, Willkie is a great one for asking advice, but he is somewhat less interested in taking it. His friends think he's unpredictable but reliable. He's not impervious to flattery, and loves to please. He's not so much an emotional as an impressionable man, molded largely by experiences he had in early life. As a typical Middle Western American, he has preserved that juvenile quality Europeans alternately coo over and curse us for possessing. He has a remarkable memory, something like a boy's pocket, stored not only with what he prizes, needs, and is interested in but also with choice oddments that come in handy. For instance, on the famous front porch at Rushville, with the house crowded with visiting Illinois Willkie Club men, a journalist arbitrarily asked him to give a memory demonstration, which he did by writing down within ten minutes all the English Prime Ministers and their dates since the time of George I. Once, when an advertising man seated next to him at lunch misquoted some esoteric department-store statistics, Willkie gave him the correct figures out of his head. It was none of his business—just something he'd read somewhere and recalled. He says he reads fast and absorbs fast, and that it sticks. His reading has been more a form of physical outlet for an overactive mind than a form of culture. What interests him in his history-reading is the cause of decay in government—ancient, modern, and especially 1932-1940 A.D. His delving into history has, oddly,



given him little sense of protocol; this makes him seem less adult than his years. About art and aesthetics he candidly disclaims all pretensions; pushed, he says he likes statuary.

Willkie reads newspapers anywhere, but especially when he's alone at lunch. He likes best to read in a heap on a couch; he moves aboard with plenty of books, cushions, newspapers, his horn-rimmed glasses, Camel cigarettes (he smokes about three packs a day), and water within reach. (He's a big water-drinker; Mrs. Willkie thinks water is healthy for him, though it's added to his weight. When they married, she says, he was so thin his Adam's apple showed and he was two inches taller; he has slumped since.) In English history, Pitt the elder is the statesman who fascinates him. He's less interested in our Revolutionary times than in our Civil War period, which he believes is the one that did more to form our present pattern. He admits to wanting to write a book on misunderstood historical characters, and has already written some material on William Lowndes Yancey, that obscure Alabama Platform figure without whose ideas Willkie feels there would have been no Confederate States of America. Willkie has some rather curious notions of history in bulk; he believes it can best be seen not as dates, battles, and

kings but as a series of periods in which man's mind finds a common preoccupation—in medieval times, a concentration on the Church; in Elizabethan times, on exploration; in our present-day period, on money. He thinks that the concentration in the future will be on politics. He says that in the jungle all animals die a violent death and that it may be the same with social orders. Willkie must be easily the best-read public-utilities man at any board meeting, and his historical references must make him seem an odd duck to his colleagues, not used, as the English equivalents would be, to an occasional wealthy businessman so eccentric as to be a real scholar.

Since they came to New York, Mr. and Mrs. Willkie have been compelled to do some smart weekendening on Long Island, in Westchester, and in New Jersey, but Willkie is hard to make a weekender of; he refuses to go on a weekend at all unless his wife promises he needn't arrive till late Saturday afternoon and can be back in town Sunday by dusk. The Willkies have no country place, and he has spent most of his weekends at home in town reading. Though Willkie's name has appeared in the New York *Social Register* since 1936, the Willkies are definitely not formal entertainers. They occasionally have some friends in for dinner, at which they don't

serve wine. They have one maid, Betty, who doesn't always get the telephone messages straight. Until recently the flat had only one telephone, located in the pantry. That is where Willkie carried on his pre-nomination, long-distance campaign. Willkie says New York is "entrancing because you can live here with freedom and privacy;" he leaves his 1010 Fifth Avenue apartment front door unlocked day and night because his father always left the Elwood house front door unlocked so that his sons could have no excuse for not coming home, no matter how late, at night. The apartment is furnished as if its owners still lived comfortably, on not much money, in Indiana. There's a mixture of Japanese furniture, Oriental rugs, overstuffed chairs, a *démodé* fringed lampshade, over the mantel a marine with a bronze light to show it up well, an oil painting of Willkie in the foyer, a candid-camera photograph of Willkie in color, and about fifteen hundred books, including Dr. Eliot's Five-Foot Shelf. When the husband earns \$75,000 a year in public utilities in New York, transplanted Western couples usually start up the social ladder, if only to do something with all that money. The Willkies haven't any taste for luxury or snobbery; they have saved their money and let the ladder alone. Willkie says they don't spend more than \$20,000 a year, if that, and this amount includes his insurance. He says he and his wife now have an accumulation of \$500,000. His health is so good he never sees a doctor, except when he's taking out more life insurance. The Willkies have never had an automobile in New York. He can't drive, and says that by the time they could afford a chauffeur they discovered that taxis were more convenient. He never carries a fountain pen today; when he did, he usually mislaid it. He doesn't carry a watch because he says he doesn't need to, and claims that without looking at one he knows the time within fifteen minutes or so. In his Akron days, when he used to be up and out of the house by six every morning to put in an extra two hours' work at his office, he never used an alarm clock but merely set his mind on the hour and woke up on time. He's always been an early riser; he's the victim of his own relentless energy. One of the few times in his life he ever slept till eleven o'clock in the morning was the day he was nominated at the convention. Mrs. Willkie scandalized the G.O.P. bosses by telling them it was the one day in his life he ought



"Here it is. 'Mr. and Mrs. Pearson are in New York for a brief visit to the World's Fair.'"



2. He sleepy like anyt'ing. He stumble out to blind. I leave him in boat. Pretty soon plenty duck come, fly around, sit on water beside blind. By gar, this feller no shoot! I wait one hour, two hour... still he no shoot!



3. I go see what wrong. This feller sound asleep! Duck all gone...no more chance for shoot that day. "Too bad," say rich feller. "I cannot stay awake!" Then he tell me how he drink the coffee on train last night.



4. Caffein in coffee keep rich feller tossin' an' turnin' all night. By gar, he get no rest at all! "I fix!" I announce. "Today you try rest. Tonight I make good Sanka Coffee. She 97% caffeine-free, an' no can keep you awake!"



5. I show words on tin: "Council on Foods of American Medical Association says: 'Sanka Coffee is free from caffeine effect and can be used when other coffee has been forbidden.'" (I no read this good, but rich feller can.)



6. He drink the Sanka Coffee. One cup, two cup. He smack lips. He sleep like bear in winter time. Next mornin' he bag limit ver' soon. "Baptiste," he say, "you smart feller! I buy this lodge, an' make you manager at good salary!"



SANKA COFFEE

REAL COFFEE... 97% CAFFEIN-FREE

TUNE IN... "WE, THE PEOPLE"—Laughs, thrills, pathos, drama, as *real* people tell *true* experiences! Tuesday evening—Columbia Network. See your local paper for time and station.

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to sleep late, because he was exhausted.

He orders three or four suits at a time from his tailor; Mrs. Willkie sees to that, finding it easier, once she gets him to the point, to have him order several. She likes his not being a dude but is ruffled whenever someone considers him ill-dressed; after all, she says, right now he has four gray suits, eight blue ones (he likes blue), dinner clothes, and evening clothes in which he looks very impressive. His hair bothers her; she tells him to tidy it, but when he's excited it falls over his right eye and he forgets. She says that, like most big men, he is careless around the house, and hates what he calls having his books and papers moved and what she, being library-trained, calls keeping them in order. He dislikes fussy fish dishes or dressy salads, and loves rat-trap cheese; otherwise he isn't difficult to feed (though he often becomes so interested talking at table that he lets his food grow cold). He eats a small breakfast (coffee and a corner of toast), used to be at his Commonwealth & Southern office at eight-thirty, and, his wife suspects, ate too heavy a lunch downtown. The only fried food she gives him is the Indiana version of fried chicken; he thinks it's the world's best dish, and he also favors Hoosier cherry pie. The first one Mrs. Willkie baked for him was the last; he said it was a pity to waste the cherries. Mrs. Willkie has personal appeal, good taste in clothes, extremely pretty, prematurely gray hair that curls, a sense of humor, and a very level head. She has long been strictly anti-New Deal. After Willkie met Roosevelt for the first time a few years ago in Washington, he telegraphed to her, "CHARM EXAGGERATED STOP I DID NOT TELL HIM WHAT YOU THINK OF HIM."

Though Willkie recently assured a Chicago stockyards audience that he was "a raiser of ordinary hogs" (with a background of a 6,700-book library), all the Willkies have definitely moved out of the small-town class. One of his brothers, Herman Frederick, is vice-president of the Distillers Corporation-Seagrams; another brother, Robert Edward, is an assistant to Herman. Robert and Wendell were the most independent-minded of the boys. Herman and the fourth brother, Edward E., are more conformist. Today these two are smoother socially than Wendell, whose manner the family have always considered effective but unpolished. Edward is vice-president in charge of the salmon-packing division of Libby, McNeill & Libby. Julia, the eldest of the family (whom Wendell considers to

have the best mind of all the Willkies), never married and is an analytical chemist for a firm of Canadian vintners. The other sister, Charlotte, is now in Berlin, where her husband, Lieutenant Commander Paul Pihl, is the naval air-service attaché at the American Embassy. Commander Pihl (pronounced Peel) was our official observer at Helsinki during the Russo-Finnish war. He was head of his class at Annapolis.

WILLKIE owns five farms, which roughly form a semicircle around the town of Rushville. The farms are the only real estate he owns anywhere. The Greyhound buses on U.S. Highway 52 go by some of his orange, hip-roofed barns; the bus-drivers announce and point. The farms comprise a fraction more than 1,390 acres, and are run not for show but for profit. They net around three per cent on hogs—Duroc-Jerseys, Hampshire, Poland Chinas—and Hereford cattle. They're farmed on the customary fifty-fifty basis by tenants, whom Willkie calls his partners, and are managed by Miss Mary Sleeth, the former Rushville librarian to whom Mrs. Willkie was assistant before her marriage. Miss Sleeth's grandfather was Rushville's leading doctor and lived in a fine old walnut-panelled house; the Sleeth women have for three generations managed the family farms when their menfolk died. Miss Sleeth, who runs the Willkie farms on what is called the chemurgy principle, is planting soy beans and uses the new hybrid, short-stalked corn which has changed the Indiana landscape, once waving with man-high maize. Willkie ordinarily visits his farms about once a month; he says he farms by conversation, but just the same he doesn't forget the axiom that an Indiana farm's corn must feed the hogs or there's no profit. He loves the land—his land, any man's land. Not long ago he told a farm visitor that one hog's name was Waterman. When the visitor asked if that really was his name, Willkie answered no, just his pen name. He adores puns like that.

It's in Indiana that most of Willkie's extensive private generosity is concentrated. Once, when Willkie was appearing on "Information Please" with Franklin Pierce Adams, he told Adams, in the indignant tone of a countryman who had been robbed, of a twelve-dollar laundry bill he had had to pay in some big city for having his evening shirts washed. Yet Willkie has given away large sums in private charities. He has put about fifty young people through college. He won't say who they

are except that some are the daughters and sons of friends and some aren't, and that some go to school in the West and some in the East. For his mother-in-law, Mrs. Wilk—who, like many other widows of the formerly comfortable middle class, found her income reduced during the depression—he bought a business building in Rushville because he thought it "more dignified for a lady of her age to have her own independent income."

The Willkie political headquarters in Rushville are located in Mrs. Wilk's building. In its windows are posters of Willkie, his face dimpled and confident above the legend "Rushville's Renowned Son-in-Law."

IF Willkie were invited to a party where John Erskine was going to be, he'd break his leg to get there," a Commonwealth & Southern man once said, "and if Norman Thomas was going to be present, he'd break his neck to be there." Willkie's only real snobbery is a sincere hankering for literary society. As a book reader, he has an intellectual emotion about book writers. And so far as social radicals go, deep within him Willkie will probably always retain a youthful susceptibility to at least an intellectual interest in romantic examples of political nonconformism. Willkie knows, slightly, John Erskine, Sinclair Lewis, Lewis Gannett, and Paul de Kruif. At a recent Gridiron dinner in Washington, he stopped at William Faulkner's table to tell the author how much he had enjoyed reading "Sanctuary." In New York the two literary figures whose salons Willkie has most frequented have both been newspaperwomen, Miss Dorothy Thompson and Mrs. Irita Van Doren, for whose Sunday book-review section in the *Herald Tribune* he did two much-respected book reviews, one of them of Lord David Cecil's "The Young Melbourne" and the other of "Mr. Pitt and America's Birthright," by J. C. Long. For years, Willkie has had an amazingly large and useful acquaintanceship with journalists. His tempting statement that he might someday buy a country newspaper for his son, Philip, was what first made reporters open their hearts to him. His eagerness to welcome journalists at his office when they wanted information, his thorough sensitivity to members of the press, whom he found stimulating as well as useful to him as a billion-dollar corporation's public-relations counsel, all make, in retrospect, very good sense. His working psychology contains an instinctive dash of Dale Carnegie, with a soupçon of the prag-



Actual color photograph — Otis Rucker, tobacco auctioneer, inspects an unusually fine lot of ripe, golden leaf

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FINER TOBACCOS—for you who smoke, those two words have a world of meaning.

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Yes . . . authoritative tests reveal that for more than two years, the nicotine content of Luckies has been 12% less than the average of the four other leading brands—less than any one of them.★

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From January 1938 through June 1940
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First Fashion for



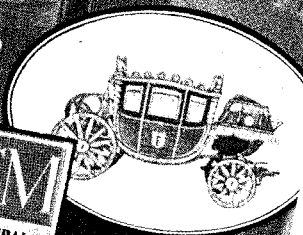
GET set for the most exciting sight in years at the 1941 Auto Shows • You'll spot it at once on the new General Motors cars—an entirely new Unisteel Turret Top Body by Fisher that dresses more bountiful comfort in daring new lines of fleetness • Here's where you see advanced theories of streamlining put into sound practice—in a lower, more graceful roof line—in the new cleverly-concealed running boards and door

hinges—in the new flowback slant of its windshield, the new two-way taper of its side panels • Here's where you learn why such progress is best entrusted to craftsmen who consider comfort as vital as smartness—and make a sleeker body even more spacious • And here you discover how aptly Unisteel Turret Top construction takes to improved safety—by gaining strength as well as breadth from the use of wider floors, by making new steel reinforcements an integral part of its Unisteel solidity • So naturally you'll be hearing that “Body by Fisher is '41's guide to better value”—which leads you, of course, to a General Motors car.

★ A FIVE STAR FEATURE

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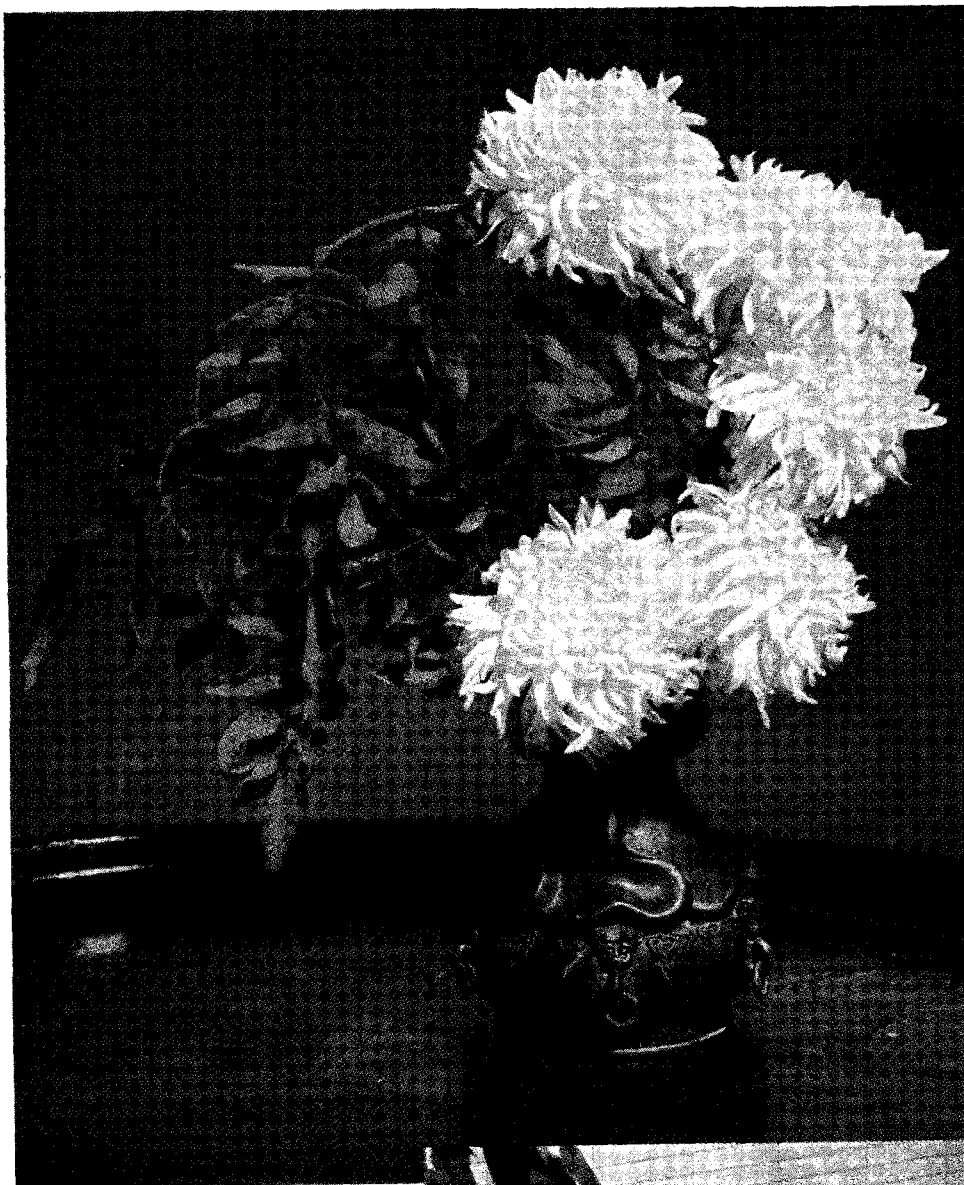
BUICK • CADILLAC





41!

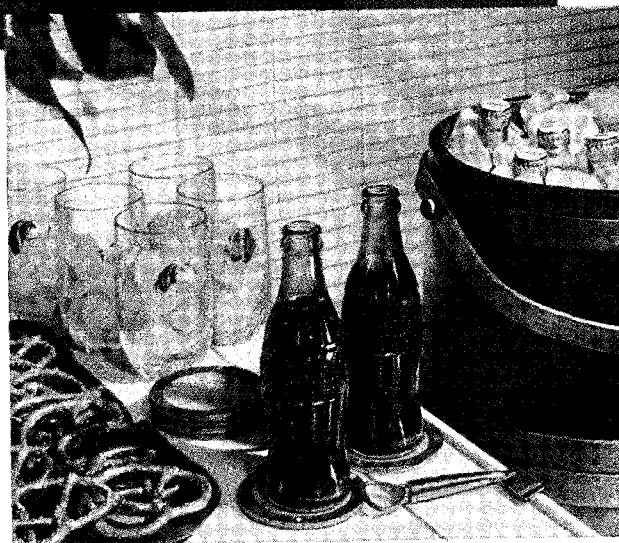
Fisher



Yellow Chrysanthemums,—one of a series of flower arrangements illustrated and diagramed in the book offered on this page.●



The Six-Bottle Carton



Everybody likes Coca-Cola best when it's ice-cold. So, pre-cool the bottles in your refrigerator and use ice to keep them cold. There are many attractive ways to do this. Remember, it's easy to buy Coca-Cola in the six-bottle carton from your dealer.

The pattern of living is brighter when you plan it so

Why be without the little things that make for pleasant living? Hospitality becomes warmer in surroundings made pleasant by different arrangements of lovely flowers. Ice-cold Coca-Cola, too, adds just such a refreshing touch to hospitality. And ice-cold Coca-Cola is always a sociable drink to serve . . . and serving it is a certain way of pleasing your guests.



Get this beautiful book

• "Flower Arranging" by Laura Lee Burroughs contains 48 exquisite color reproductions of flower arrangements and many practical suggestions on this rapidly growing and fascinating art. Send your name and address, clearly printed, enclosing ten cents (coin or stamps) to cover cost of handling and mailing, to The Coca-Cola Company, Atlanta, Ga., Dept. Y.

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GEORGE S. KAUFMAN
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"THE LONG VOYAGE HOME"

UNITED ARTISTS **RIVOLI** Broadway at
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Mickey ROONEY • Judy GARLAND

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HEIFETZ

(Steinway) Judson Mgt.

matism of that other great American philosopher, William James. When eventually the TVA fight was waged through the newspapers, Willkie didn't lack sympathetic journalists to present his case and what was called his "ten-million-dollar squawk." However, he was also often a windfall to the press. His double-barrelled simplicity of statement made picturesque copy from the moment he began his Commonwealth & Southern career. While old-line hoary-heads like the rich Thomas Nesbitt McCarter of the Public Service Company of New Jersey pontificated, "My main satisfaction [in business] has been a consciousness of service rendered the state," Willkie candidly said to the inquiring reporters, "I am in business personally to make a living."

He has made his living as a businessman who seems to consist of one part lawyer, one part financier, and four parts public-relations man. He has seen himself as a new type of enlightened, vocal businessman who has broken away from the cult of silence which distinguished such venerable cryptics as J. P. Morgan the elder. While he was a desk man for C. & S., he preferred to spend a third of every year on the road, looking over the properties, the American people, and public opinion. During the six-year war with TVA, whenever there was a report to be made, a hearing to testify at, a statement to be given to the press, Willkie did it. As he said at the time, "Good, bad, or indifferent, Commonwealth & Southern's public relations consist solely of my statements." Although Willkie states, politically, that no man is indispensable, it's difficult to see how C. & S. could have got along without him and not have lost its voice.

Even after Willkie became an out-and-out anti-New Dealer, he always made a point of having friendly relations with Washington's big New Dealers, since he likes human variety, unlimited argument, and non-doctrinal friendships. He has had friends of all political colors, but speaks of his liberal friends in an especially appreciative way, as one might of a bicycle trip taken through a picturesque land.

ONLY two other successful American candidates for President, Ulysses S. Grant and Zachary Taylor, are like Willkie in never having previously run for political office. To millions of Americans, sitting up after midnight over their radios, Willkie's sudden, distant nomination at the Philadelphia convention brought more than the mere febrile thrill that goes with a winning dark

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S. HUOK presents

BALLET RUSSE

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Rea Irvin's ballet to the music of George Gershwin, inspired by characters of famous "New Yorker" artists.

Evenings incl. Sun. \$1.10 to \$3.85—Sat. Mats. Oct. 19, 26 & Nov. 2, Sun. Mats. Oct. 20, 27 & Nov. 3, \$1.10 to \$2.75—Opening Night \$1.10 to \$5.50

51ST STREET THEA. at Broadway

THE PLAYWRIGHTS' COMPANY presents
MAXWELL ANDERSON'S

JOURNEY TO JERUSALEM

NATIONAL THEATRE, 41st St. West of B'way

Evenings 8:40, \$1.10 to \$3.30
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The Playwrights' Company and The Theatre Guild present
ALFRED LYNN
LUNT-FONTANNE
in ROBERT E. SHERWOOD'S
"THERE SHALL BE NO NIGHT"
with RICHARD WHORF
and SYDNEY GREENSTREET

ENGAGEMENT ENDS SAT., NOV. 2

ALVIN, W. 52 St. Evgs. 8:30. Mats. Thurs. & Sat.

LAST PER. OCT. 19—Prior to Road Tour
CRITICS' CIRCLE AWARD
and PULITZER PRIZE PLAY
THE THEATRE GUILD in association
with EDDIE DOWLING presents
WILLIAM SAROYAN'S Gay-Mad Comedy

THE TIME OF YOUR LIFE

with
Eddie DOWLING and Julie HAYDON

GUILD Theatre, West 52nd Street
Evenings at 8:40—\$2.75 to 55c
Mats. Thurs. & Sat., 2:40—\$2.20 to 55c

"A PERFECT COMEDY"
—ATKINSON, Times

LIFE WITH FATHER

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3rd YEAR

WINTER GARDEN B'WAY & 50 ST.

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BOYS & GIRLS TOGETHER

THE JANE DAVE
DE MARCOS PICKENS APOLLON

BROADHURST Thea., W. 44 St. Cl. 6-6699. Evgs. 8:30
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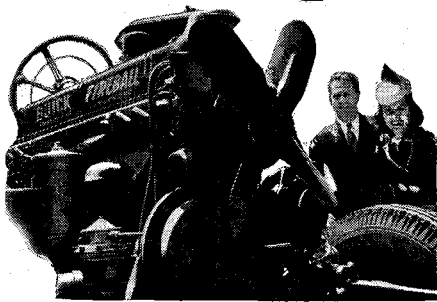
AL JOLSON
in his New Musical

HOLD ON TO YOUR HATS

MARTHA RAYE JACK WHITING BERT GORDON

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No, it wasn't *SPEED*



THE mighty straight-eight that propels the 1941 Buick CENTURY, ROADMASTER and LIMITED, is, we believe, America's most powerful standard-production automobile engine.

That suggests immediately that here is the instrument of great speed—but the fact is it wasn't speed we were after when we built it.

We were shooting for *more efficient use of the fuel you burn*—more economy, more power, more pick-up—yes, even easier car handling through less frequent need for shifting.

Above all, we were out to cut through a lot of the complications that feature current automobile design, and give you a simpler, sturdier, less involved mechanism.

Consider, for example, just one quality of this great power plant—the tremendous *reserve of power* it puts at your command.

At 20 miles an hour this Buick uses only 7.4% of its available power—at 30 only 9.7%—even at 50, less than one-sixth.

The balance is available for acceleration, for pull on the hills, for overcoming sand, mud, gravel or other tough going.

You can see for yourself how this tremendous reserve, instantly available, eliminates much of your need for shifting to lower gears, hence makes unnecessary any involved device for this purpose.

It does even more—for with all this power, we can use a more economical gear ratio in our standard top speed.

And that means that all the time you travel in high—from 15 miles an hour on up—you are getting the equivalent of over-drive or fourth-speed economy without mechanical complication.

In consequence: miles per gallon go up as much as 10% to 15%.

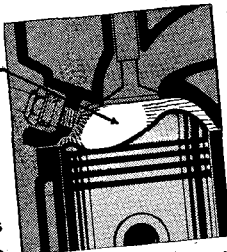
This husky 165-horsepower giant actually gives more gasoline economy than our 107-horsepower engine of a year ago.

At 50 it consumes no more fuel than the same-sized engine of conventional design drinks up at 30.

The whys and wherefores of such performance are best understood when you have an engine

NUTSHELL PICTURE of America's Most Powerful Standard-Production Engine

Basic source of this engine's peak power is the FIREBALL* design which compacts the fuel charge into the shape of a flattened ball around the spark. Fired from its heart under higher compression pressure, each charge lets go with heavier wallop that extracts more power from each charge of fuel. Amplifying this is Compound Carburetion, in which the usual large carburetor is replaced by two smaller mixers teamed to work together. Only one of these carburetors functions in normal driving. The other cuts in automatically whenever it is needed to provide extra power, shuts off when the need is past. Result: Actually more power from less gasoline.



*According to the Encyclopaedia Britannica, a super meteor which travels with a series of explosions like the shock waves of a great projectile is called a "FIREBALL."

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See the 1941 Buicks at the National Automobile Show, Grand Central Palace, and the FREE General Motors Show at the Waldorf, October 12-20

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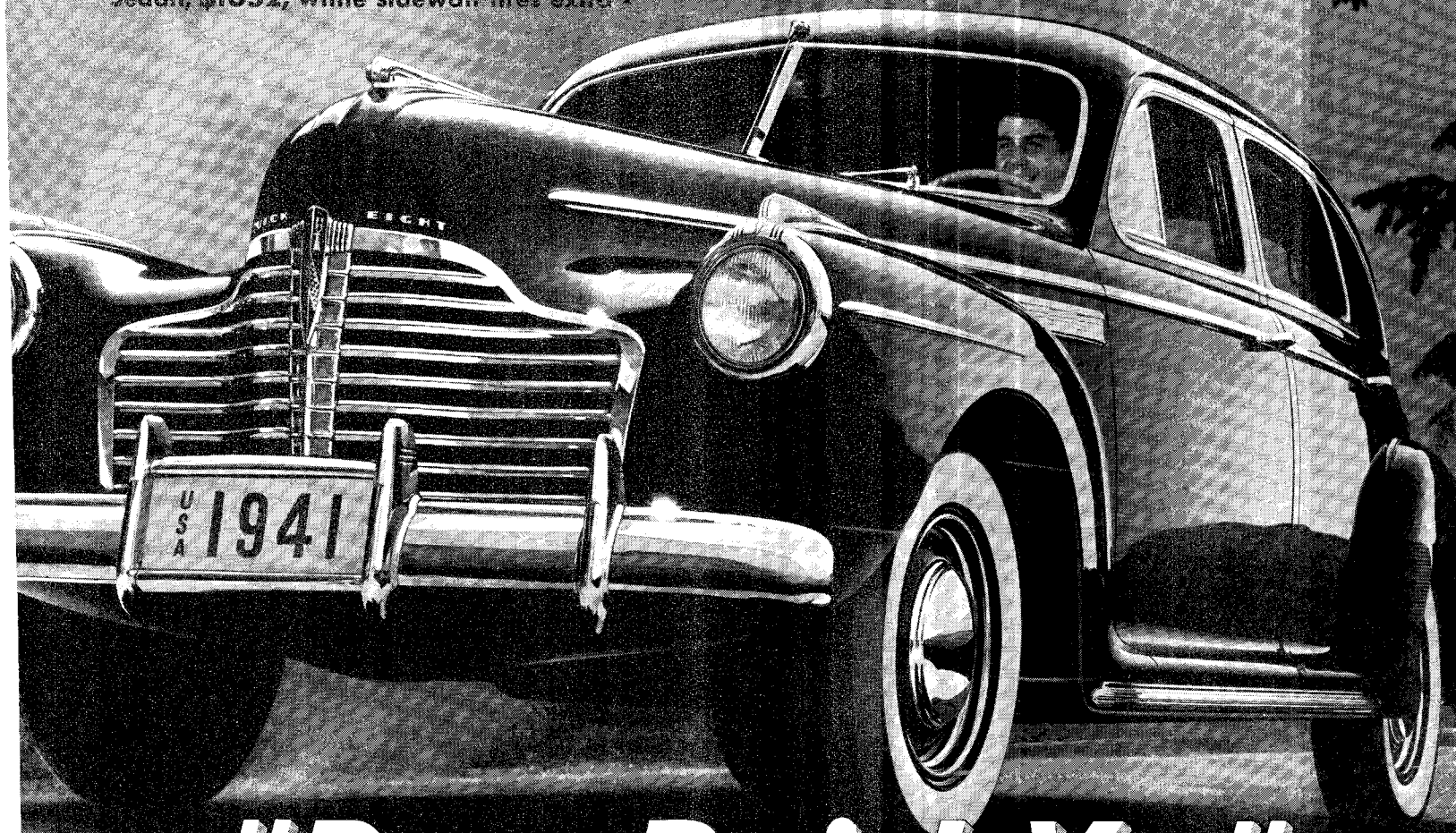
★delivered at Flint, Mich. Transportation based on rail rates, state and local taxes (if any), optional equipment and accessories—extra. Prices subject to change without notice.

\$935
for the Business Coupe

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Buick SPECIAL 6-passenger 4-door

Sedan, \$1052, white sidewall tires extra *



"Best Buick Yet"

EXEMPLAR OF GENERAL MOTORS VALUE

to look at and someone to answer your questions about it.

Here we can say that two things account for all this good — FIREBALL design that gets more power out of every gallon of gasoline, and Compound Carburetion that gives your engine two distinct ranges of power.

Each of these is important enough to call for personal investigation.

But get off on the right start early — see your Buick dealer *now* about the year's most important engineering advance.

ONLY CAR IN THE WORLD WITH ALL THESE FEATURES

BUICK FIREBALL VALVE-IN-HEAD ENGINES—115, 125 and 165 horse-power.

MICROPOISE BALANCING AFTER ASSEMBLY.

COIL SPRINGS ALL AROUND—no lubrication, no spring covers.

"MASS-STREAM" BODIES, with concealed running boards.

COMPOUND CARBURETION—30-mile economy at 50-mile speed.

PERMI-FIRM STEERING—for freedom from steering wheel play.

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FORE-N-AFT DIRECTION SIGNAL with Automatic Cut-Off.

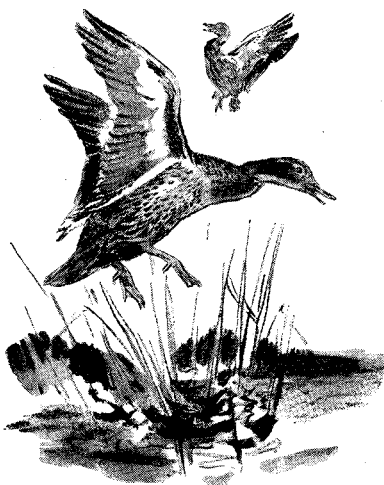
MASSIVE BUMPERS—with built-in front license frame.

PLUS: Full-Length Torque Tube in Sealed Chassis ★ Tiptoe Hydraulic Brakes ★ One-Piece "Lift-Off" Hood ★ Built-In Automatic Choke ★ Heavy-Duty Oil-Bath Air Cleaners ★ Sealed Beam Headlights ★ Two-Tone Body Colors ★ Safety Plate Glass All Around.

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THE GREATEST
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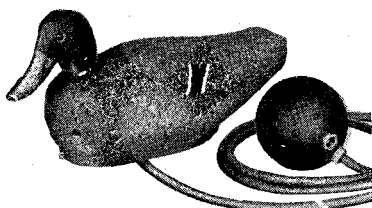
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CHICAGO: VON LINGERKE & ANTOINE
33 SOUTH WABASH AVENUE

horse. Because of the recent silencing of most European democracies, in the choice of Willkie that night there was, even to many cynical or Democratic ears, an exciting, stirring sound, as of *vox populi*. Since then, several private voices have claimed responsibility for the candidate's melodramatic emergence. Willkie himself says that for two or three years friends had said to him, almost regretfully, that he'd make a fine President but of course the idea was crazy; that Russell Davenport, formerly managing editor of *Fortune*, was the first sponsor whose emotional enthusiasm and mental experience he respected enough to take seriously; and that the suggestion that one could be President "couldn't come to any man without setting him to thinking about it, or he'd be a pretender." Willkie also says that his decision to run was reached exactly forty-seven days before he was nominated. According to him, John Cowles and Gardner Cowles, Jr., the powerful publishers of the *Des Moines Register* and the *Minneapolis Star*, heard a speech he made in the spring before a group of publishers in New York. "They thought my philosophy was right and that I had the power to advocate it, but," Willkie frankly says, "they didn't know how much discount to give me as a resident of New York City, a public-utility man, and a former Democrat." A test for the possible next resident of the White House was made in St. Paul, when he spoke before a group of Republican leaders on May 11th. He passed. A Presidential candidate was born. It was the way his speech went off, Willkie says, "that decided me in my own mind."

Willkie feels that life is a series of accidents. He is an informal fatalist. It is thus probably not in his philosophical pattern to have his heart break in November if he fails to be elected President of the United States. Certainly, the attainment of the highest political office, which comes to a man fortuitously through the vote of millions, is, of all things in a democracy, the perfect proof that the individual cannot control his own destiny. Willkie is, more than anything else, a big, earthy executive who reads history. The coming month will decide if he is to see his name printed on its next page.—JANET FLANNER

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

Miss Gordon's clothes by Hattie Carnegie, Whiffen Electric, Pierson's Tarrytown Florist, Fellipelli, 318 W. 48th St. . . .
—From a theatre program, *Ridgeway Theatre, White Plains.*

Sounds overdressed.



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You'll like this new Blanket. The Pearce Nu-Plaid is truly gorgeous. New patterns and colorings conform to the best traditions of creative styling.

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A noted ship's surgeon prescribed this simple remedy for 20 years with remarkable success—and kept the secret to himself! Now Seacaps capsules are available to every traveler. Seacaps effect relief from travel-sickness so promptly, even after over-indulgence, that many leading airlines—including T.W.A.—keep a supply on every plane. Drug-free... safe... harmless... Seacaps are splendid for young children sensitive to travel motion—hailed by yachting parties—deep-sea fishermen—air travelers—people allergic to bus and car travel. Take Seacaps with you—and enjoy your trip!

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Send \$1 for bottle of Seacaps. Seacap Co., 307 5th Ave., N. Y.


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*cordially invites you to try
1941's greatest motoring thrill,*

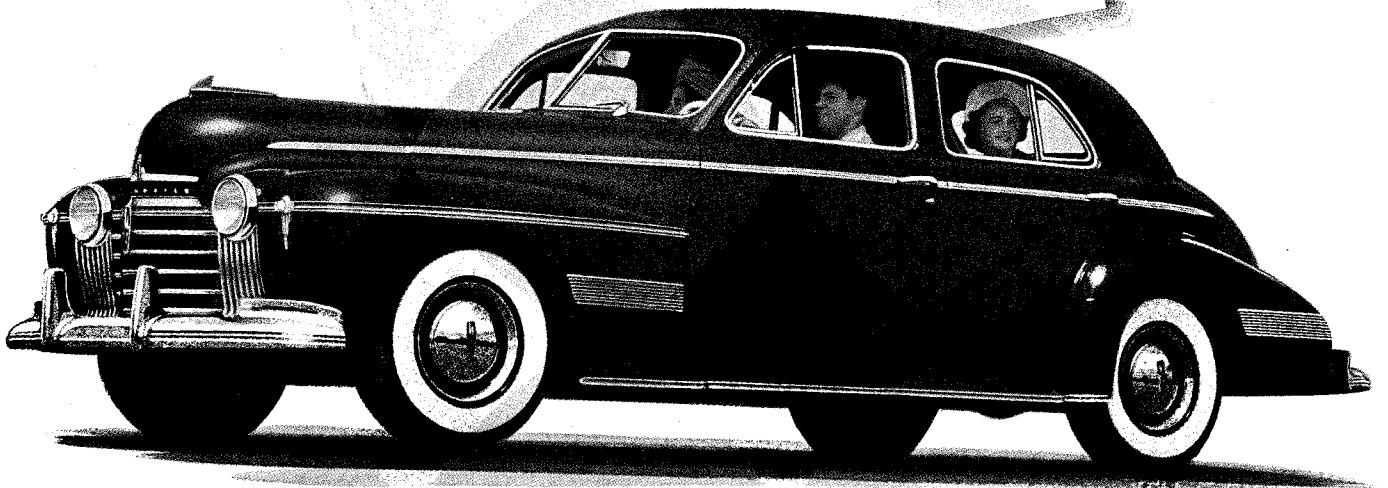
*Hydra-Matic Drive**
*optional at extra cost in
six magnificent new series of cars*

THE CUSTOM CRUISER
Six and Eight

THE DYNAMIC CRUISER
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THE OLDSMOBILE SPECIAL
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**NO CLUTCH
NO SHIFT*



Now - a Cadillac

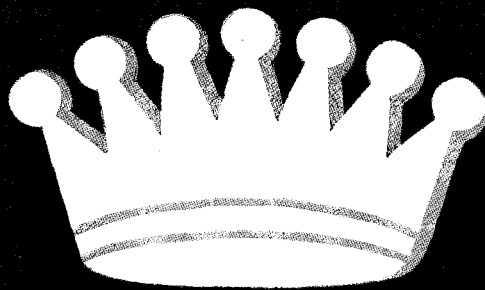


SIX GREAT NEW SERIES OF CADILLAC CARS FOR 1941

JUST AS OUTSTANDING in their respective price fields as the sensational Sixty-One, are the five other series of cars which Cadillac presents for 1941. These include two entirely new creations—the ultra-smart Cadillac Sixty-Three and the sumptuous Cadillac Sixty-Seven. There are also completely redesigned and repowered

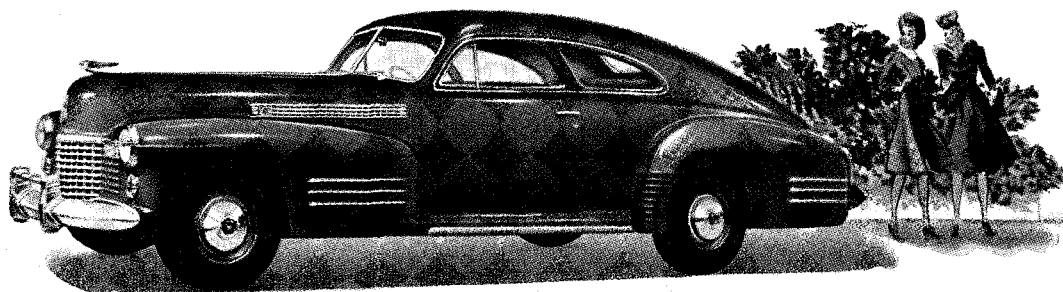
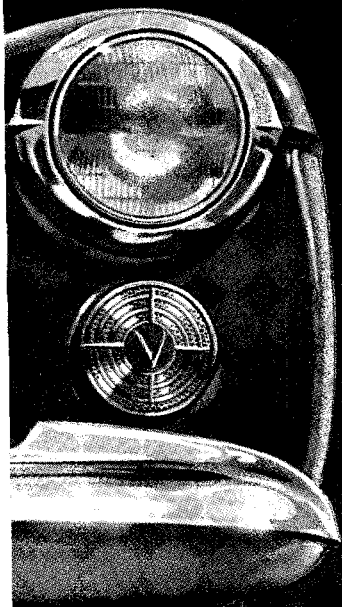
versions of the style-setting Cadillac Sixty-Two, the dynamic Cadillac-Fleetwood Sixty Special—and the regal Cadillac-Fleetwood Seventy-Five. Together, the six new series comprise the finest and most complete array of motor cars ever presented by any builder at a given time. See them today—at your Cadillac dealer's!

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PRICE LOWERED HUNDREDS OF DOLLARS ... AND A FINER CAR IN EVERY WAY!

This is news... *big* news! In a world of rising prices, Cadillac builds a finer motor car—and *takes hundreds of dollars off the price!* It's the value sensation of the century!... And how you'll want it when you see it! Here is streamlining carried to the ultimate. Here are interiors so rich that you'll scarcely credit your eyes. Here is performance without a counterpart. And all this is combined with economy *challenging that of cars built especially for thrift.*... These are just the highlights of the industry's greatest offering for 1941. So set your hopes high when you visit your Cadillac dealer. *You're going to see something!*



★For the Cadillac Sixty-One Five-Passenger Coupe delivered at Detroit. Transportation based on rail rates, state and local taxes (if any), optional equipment and accessories—extra. Prices subject to change without notice.

A GENERAL MOTORS VALUE



Paul Parker photos

High as the "Empire State"

are the hopes of these young New Yorkers—fresh from the schoolroom—in search of a job. In America's vast new program, industry demands skilled workers. Youth needs special direction and adequate training. Vocational Service for Juniors, through counseling and scholarships, stands ready to help youth and the nation. *Will you help us to help them?*

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VOCATIONAL SERVICE FOR JUNIORS
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PICNIC IN HELL

WHEN I decided to take Tama San, my Japanese maid, as my guide for a vacation tour from Tokio to Hokkaido, she went into a huddle with all her available male relatives, who worked out just where we should go, what inns we should stop at, and what we should view at each place. When we left home, Tama had our route written down in some detail on a scroll which she endlessly consulted over with conductors, stationmasters, and fellow-tourists, and I left it to her to tell me each night what the next day's "great sight" would be.

One evening when Tama and I were in our room at the current inn packing for an early departure in the morning, I realized by her preparations that something important must be ahead of us. Tama travelled with three wicker cases and a half-dozen bundles tied up in colored handkerchiefs, and every night she unpacked everything, whether she needed it or not. She had one case which contained a splendid outfit—kimono, *obi*, *geta*, parasol, *furoshiki*—and which she hadn't yet worn; so far as I could see, she wouldn't be likely to wear it, since ours was definitely a roughing-it sort of excursion. Yet this evening she had it all spread out on the mats and was smoothing the kimono with the expression she usually reserved for a delicious ball of cold rice. Finally, looking up, she caught my eye. "Tomorrow," she said, and patted the kimono.

With considerable surprise, I asked what the "great sight" would be tomorrow.

"Noboribetsu," she said. This left me where I was before, because as far as I knew Noboribetsu was just another hot-spring spa in the midst of some volcanic craters. There had been others, and what we did at them was to soak in the hot-spring baths and hike up the craters. For the first occupation we didn't need any costume at all, and for the second Tama usually wore Western clothes. So I asked her what there was at Noboribetsu that made it so special.

"Great Splendid Hells," she answered promptly.

I suppose I blinked. "And what will we do at these Hells?" I asked finally.

"Picnic," said Tama, and that was all I could get out of her.

We reached Noboribetsu late in the evening after a day of travel, and went right to our inn, and to bed. The next morning Tama, still in her night ki-

mono, led me out onto our balcony and gestured toward the volcanic precipices that smoked ominously at the outskirts of the small village. "Great Splendid Hells," she said, beaming like one who has had her greatest ambition fulfilled. The Hells looked, from a distance, neither splendid nor alluring, but Tama blissfully announced that we must get ready at once to go out and hike among them and eventually picnic. Dressing for the occasion occupied half the morning, for Tama put on all her finery. It was very grand. The kimono was of light summer silk and the pattern was extremely chic, a series of fine stripes of numerous delicate tints against an oyster-white ground. Her *obi* was an explosion of color. Her sandals were wood, lacquered in a tender shade of lavender. She carried in place of her usual foreign-style umbrella a luscious paper parasol decorated with a multicolored floral design. Ready at last, she looked quite suitable for an Imperial garden party, but hardly prepared to climb a volcanic crater. Although I knew by this time that there was no use pressing for explanations, I couldn't help asking her why she was so dressed up.

"*Shukan*—custom," she said.

"How did you know?" I persisted.

"Oji San," said Tama, putting the finishing touch to the elaborate cord that bound her splendid *obi*.

Oji San was her uncle. What she meant was that her male relatives, who had planned the excursion, had learned from the Tourist Bureau of the Government Railways not only where to go but what to do at every stop. The Tourist Bureau takes a paternal interest in the incessant peregrinations of Japanese of all kinds and classes who, regardless of crisis and war, eternally travel from one end of the country to the other, viewing the great sights.

Which great sights, and why, and how are the province of the Bureau, and Tama knew that if one just obeyed instructions everything was bound to turn out right. One dressed for the Great Splendid Hells, the Bureau had suggested. Therefore Tama dressed. I put on my best print so that I shouldn't disgrace her, and we set out. We were bowed away by the inn staff and given the usual packet of lunch tied up in a bright handkerchief marked with the inn crest. Tama accepted this graciously but rewrapped it in her own *furoshiki* (the square of silk used as a handbag), which

complemented her *obi*. There was no flaw in her perfection and, knowing this, she was very happy.

OUR route to the Hells led across a Chinese-red bridge, one of a series spanning a torrent of chalky-green water which plunged down from the craters and ran beside the main street of the small town. A three-minute stroll brought us into the middle of what seemed to be a stage set for a comic opera. Hokkaido is one of the most primitive of the Japanese islands, and most of the places we had visited had the ramshackle look of frontier towns, but Noboribetsu was different. The bright-red bridges and the green river set the tone. The small buildings, gay with banners and decorated signs, sat frivolously in a valley, or sprawled up the perpendicular slopes. The side roads which began as narrow alleys soon became flights of stone, and disappeared into stylized woods above. In the background the wrinkled precipices of the craters exhaled a thick vapor.

We reached the small main plaza of the town in time to see the arrival of a busload of tourists, dressed in their best kimonos, who gave the impression that they intended at once to strike attitudes and burst into song. There was a nonsensical gaiety about the place, an entirely artificial quality, as though every detail, from the villainous volcanoes to the improbable river, had been invented by a scene designer in an extravagant moment. The tourists, waving small fans and large parasols, began to saunter up the dusty road that led to the Hells, and Tama and I joined the procession, viewing as we went. The balconies of the numerous inns along the route were hung with drying scraps of blue-and-white towelling and colored kimonos, and were crowded with patrons of the inns, who lounged there comfortably and watched the parade.

I began to suspect that the Hells were just window dressing, for Tama seemed to have forgotten them—there was so much to see. She led me into all the little shops and exclaimed over the remarkable souvenirs; she admired the stylized small pine trees (surrounded by eggshells to scare away the devils) which decorated the entrances of the restaurants, and we had to examine all the baths of the numerous hot-spring inns. These were easy to see as we strolled, since they were glassed in and flush with the road, an excellent arrangement by which every tourist could see what he missed by not stopping at every inn simultaneously. The numer-





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BACARDI
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It's tart...it's smart...the incomparable Bacardi Cocktail...always correct...and always welcome...at every season...and for every occasion. Be sure to make it correctly:

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 (Juice of half a lime)
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RUM 89 PROOF—Schenley Import Corp., N. Y. Copr. 1940

ous nude bathers, old and young, male and female, disporting themselves with agreeable unconcern, seemed to present a living advertisement of their respective inns. Tama called my attention to one remarkable hostelry on the river bank just below a ten-foot drop in the stream, where the waterfall made an open-air showerbath. This bath was particularly popular, Tama explained, because water falling on the head from a height is a remedy for mental disorders. The waters for all the hot-spring baths were piped directly from the Hells—even the waterfall was piped—so that the patron could have his mental disorder repaired under boiling or ice-cold, radioactive or simple saline water.

The road eventually left the comic-opera village behind and became increasingly steep and rough. Ahead of us the procession wound slowly on and up, so it was obviously the correct thing to proceed. From the village the craters had looked very near, and now abruptly the path rounded a curve and debouched into hell. It was an amazing place, a convulsion of tossed and mangled rocks, steep precipices, pools of boiling sulphur, pitted lava boulders, and hissing jets of steam, the whole drenched in an odorous and suffocating vapor. And yet it wasn't terrifying, but seemed a frivolous miniature hell, scaled to beetles, a tidy hell, as mannered and exact as the village had been. Like Tama's *obi*, the place was an explosion of color—the same copper greens, sulphur yellows and pinks, foggy magentas, misty vermilions, and cobalt blues. As I watched Tama disappear against this backdrop as if she had been camouflaged, I thought up an axiom: "The Tourist Bureau knows best." Tama's usual hiking costume—Western clothes, a long mercerized raincoat, and a felt hat—in this place would have been an obscenity.

Now that she was there, Tama gave no sign that the Hells were in any way remarkable. She led me to a trickle of stinking water and, explaining that it was "marvellous for the eyes and throat," scooped up a handful and elaborately laved her eyes. Nearby a group of tourists were bathing their eyes and rhythmically gargling their throats. The scene was so violently picturesque that it was almost unendurable. In this hell these decorative creatures had found their native environment. In all directions they wandered in costumes that seemed to have been dyed in these very craters. As they posed in mannered attitudes against the incredible pinnacles, beside the unbearable pools, they seemed to have sprouted from the Noboribet-

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AND MARCH 3, 1933, OF THE NEW YORKER published weekly at New York, N. Y., for October 1, 1940, State of New York, County of New York, ss. Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and County aforesaid, personally appeared E. R. Spaulding, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the general manager of THE NEW YORKER and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, to wit: 1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, general manager and business manager are: Publisher, R. H. Fleischmann, 151 East 74th Street, New York, N. Y. Editor, H. W. Ross, Stamford, Conn. Managing Editor, None. General Manager, E. R. Spaulding, Ridgewood, New Jersey. Business Manager, None. 2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) F-R Publishing Corporation, 25 West 43rd Street, New York, N. Y.; R. B. Bowen, New Rochelle, N. Y.; Virginia Van S. Bowen, New Rochelle, N. Y.; C. R. Fleischmann, 107 East 91st Street, New York, N. Y.; R. H. Fleischmann, 151 East 74th Street, New York, N. Y.; Jane Grant, % The Fiduciary Trust Co., 1 Wall Street, New York, N. Y.; Agnes Morgan Hanrahan, 5021 Iselin Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Rea Irvin, Newtown, Conn.; E. Melville Price, Chappaqua, N. Y.; H. W. Ross, Stamford, Conn.; Vivian M. Samuels, 225 East 73rd Street, New York, N. Y.; E. R. Spaulding, Ridgewood, N. J.; R. H. Truax, 232 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Ruth G. Vischer, Lambertville, N. J.; Katharine S. White, North Brooklin, Me. 3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None. 4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him. E. R. Spaulding, General Manager. Sworn to and subscribed before me this 30th day of September, 1940. (Seal.) WILLIAM G. GEBERT, Notary Public, Queens County, Queens Co. Clk. No. 616, Reg. No. 4470, Certificate filed in New York County, N. Y. Co. Clk. No. 93, Reg. No. 1G62. (Commission expires March 30, 1941.)



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su rocks. They waved their gigantic colored parasols, they gestured with drooping sleeves, they leaned in swooning postures to sniff the vile odors, they wrapped eggs in colored handkerchiefs and boiled them in the pools, and, seated on the feverish rocks, with steam issuing from the crevasses beside them and giant blisters of mud crackling at their feet, they sedately picnicked in family groups. Small, elaborate children giggled shrilly and leaped over crevasses, or, balancing precariously at the verge of the terrible craters, dropped pebbles.

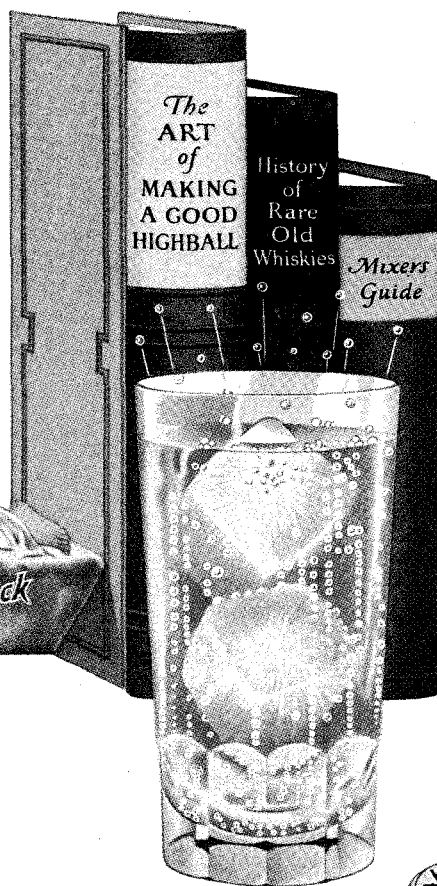
Tama, aware of her suitability, also viewed and swooned and postured. It was all very un strenuous. Everything was in slow time, and the Hells seemed to adapt themselves to the tourists as the tourists had adapted themselves to the Hells. The mud bubbled discreetly; the terrible craters were entirely well behaved. Here was hell domesticated through the courtesy of the Tourist Bureau.

At length Tama announced that it was time to picnic. She found an agreeable backdrop of jutting multicolored rock beside a small intermittent geyser and untied her handkerchief, producing the inevitable balls of cold rice and a number of uncooked eggs. We had never before had eggs for lunch, so obviously they were a special feature of this expedition. With commendable nonchalance she placed the eggs in a small depression above the opening from which the geyser gave a constant supply of steam and occasionally spouted boiling water. The eggs slowly turned a dull gray. We ate them.

BACK at our inn, Tama sighed as she packed away her finery. We were going on with our tour early in the morning, but our next stop was to be a visit to some relatives who lived on a ranch and bred racing ponies for the Tokio tracks, and Tama was going to honor them by wearing Western clothes. It was apparently the courteous thing to do. But I could tell by the way she caressed her *obi* (which to me would always resemble a splinter of hell) and folded it into exact folds that she would have preferred to remain forever in the hissing kaleidoscope of the Great Splendid Hells. —HELEN MEARS

WPA will spend \$21,000,000 on construction of highways, parks, buildings and sewers in Queens during the coming year. cause he said they made him get up too early.—*The Post*. Good reason.

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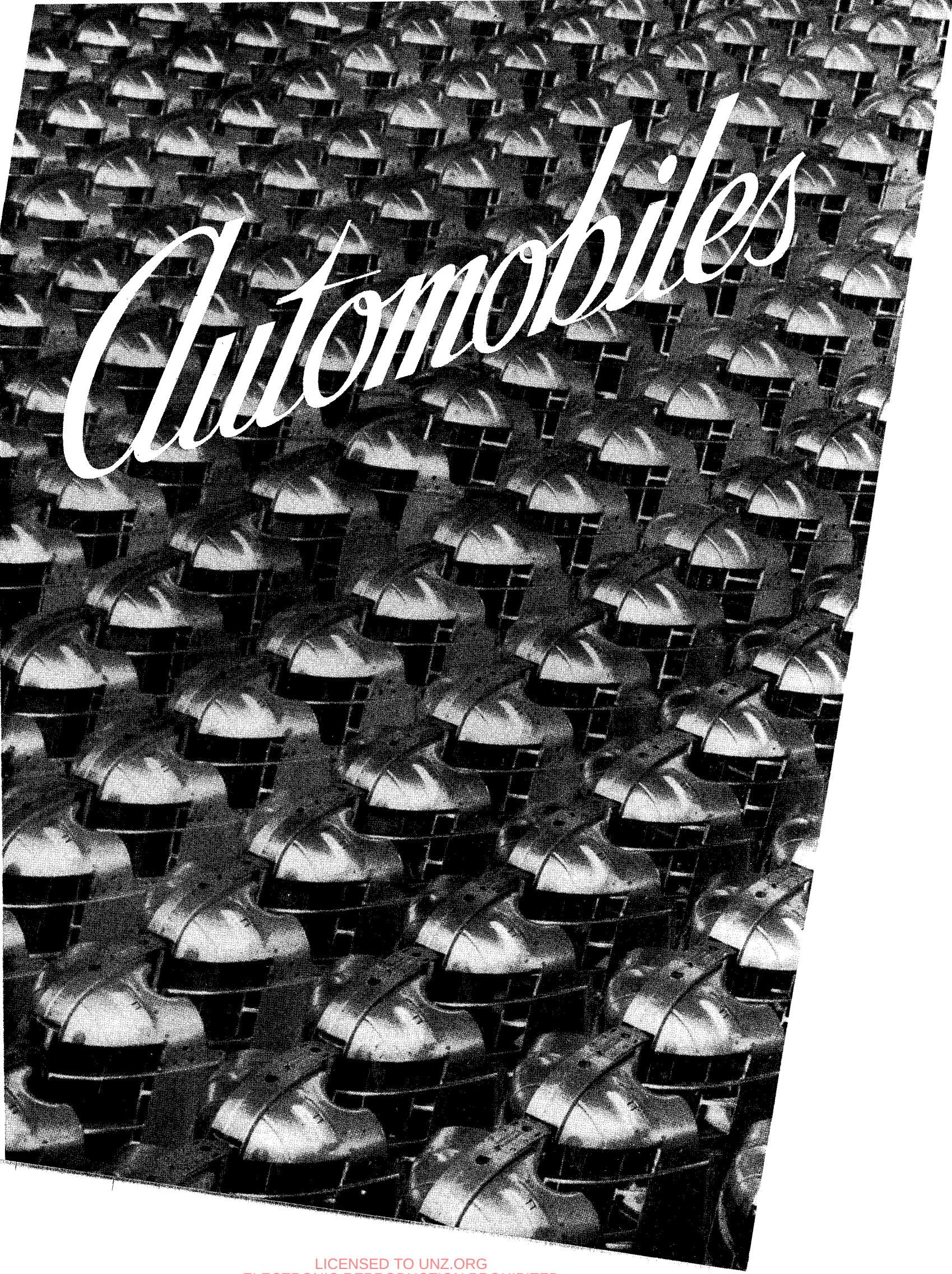


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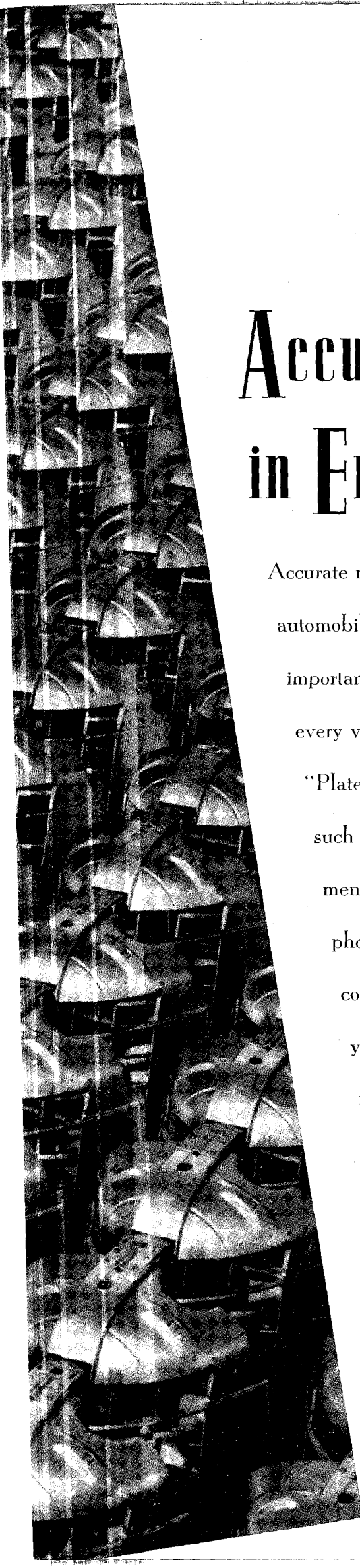
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SOMETIMES I'M HAPPY

GENERALLY speaking, reviews of Broadway musical shows make about the dullerest reading in the language. The critic, handsomely equipped to discuss the intention of a serious dramatist and the measure of his success, finds himself grappling in the dark with something large, shapeless, and frequently crazy. He can't analyze the plot, since there is no plot to analyze in any rational sense of the word; he can't evaluate a prose style, since, in this curious medium, prose is no more than a kind of glue, employed to stick other and more valuable things together; even the criticism of acting is largely denied him, since the talents found in musical comedy are usually accidental, such as being very beautiful or looking very strange, or else they are unique and defy formal classification, as is the case with those of Jimmy Durante, Victor Moore, and Ed Wynn, who happens to be the subject of this essay.

All this leaves the unfortunate critic with nothing much to talk about except music, dancing, costumes, scenery, and the humor he discovers, or doesn't, in the sketches. For a man who is not a technical expert in any of these fields, writing for people who presumably aren't either, these are tough themes, each with a special vocabulary of its own. Usually the writer winds up with nothing in his typewriter but a collection of little lists: the names of a few songs that he happens to remember, though it is hard to say what this information will convey to the casual reader; the names of five or six specialists and what they do, and it is hard to say what this will mean to the uninitiated either; a rather longer discussion of the stars, involving mostly a brave struggle to find a new way to say something the author has said too many times before; some graceful and frequently intelligent compliments to the people responsible for the costumes, sets, and lighting; and finally a disastrous and rather pathetic attempt to describe the funniest of the sketches. As far as I know, this has never worked, and I don't believe it ever will. The humor

of musical comedy is essentially broad and visual; in retrospect, on paper, it is only too likely to suggest that the critic would be equally amused by a 1911 copy of *Punch* or the sight of somebody getting the hot foot. I have no doubt that these reviews are read with the deepest attention by the men and women whose names appear in them, but it is one of the mysteries of journalism why anybody else does. Perhaps they don't.

In view of such suspicions as these, I would like to keep my remarks about "Boys and Girls Together," Ed Wynn's high-class, one-man "Hellz-a-Poppin," at the Broadhurst, as brief as possible. In short, then, I think it is enormously funny, a good deal funnier than Al Jolson's "Hold On to Your Hats," for the reason that Mr. Wynn seems to me a funnier and more civilized comedian than Mr. Jolson, though of approximately the same vintage. The chorus girls are very beautiful, with an expensive, rather literary look about them, and, except for a staggering number which reminded me of one of Earl Carroll's famous pipe dreams, they are handsomely dressed. Mr. Wynn is principally assisted by Jane Pickens, for whom the word is conceivably "vigorous;" Dave Apollon, a magnificent mandolin player if you like the sound a mandolin makes; and the De Marcos, who appear to be a subject of some controversy among my friends, although I think they are wonderful. Of the songs, I'm sorry to say I remember only one called "Such Stuff as Dreams Are Made Of," and this just because it seems to me that if the management of the Broadhurst Theatre is



going to swipe lines from Shakespeare it ought to try to get them right. Mr. Wynn, very fortunately on the stage about ninety per cent of the time, has at least two numbers that are as good as anything he has ever done and one that is older than Bernard Shaw. I won't bore you with the details.

MAXWELL ANDERSON, a dramatist intimidated by practically nothing, has rewritten a portion of the New

Testament and offered it for production by his colleagues of the Playwrights' Company. I regret to say that this high-minded enterprise, known as "Journey to Jerusalem," struck me as an almost unqualified bore, and I left the National Theatre feeling that the analogy between modern Berlin and ancient Rome—for this in capsule is the theme of Mr. Anderson's play—is something much better discussed in an essay for a forward-looking magazine than on the stage.

The story of Christ's awakening, at the age of twelve, to the sense of His great and tragic destiny ought to be a moving thing to watch, but somehow in Mr. Anderson's hands it has become no more than a series of nearly interminable ecclesiastical debates between a bunch of actors in beards and a young man who unfortunately appears to have been costumed by the Misses' Sports Department. If this dialogue were good, it might be possible to overlook the fact that very little ever seems to happen (and that little with a dismal air of Shakespearean repertory), but it isn't. Mr. Anderson's ideas are undoubtedly sound and probably important, but he has chosen to express them in a baffling mixture of actual Biblical quotation, homemade blank verse, and far too colloquial prose. Thus, in the same scene, it is possible to hear one character deliver an actual reading from the Prophet Isaiah and another saying "Take it easy, Shadrach" with the easy fellowship of Thum's Billiard Academy. The average mind, I'm afraid, is not equipped for these two-thousand-year leaps in idiom, and the effect is to make Mr. Anderson's play seem a little comic, when it certainly shouldn't.

With the exception of Sidney Lumet, as the young Saviour, the male characters were so nearly indistinguishable behind their abundant beards that I carried away no very strong impression of any of them, except perhaps Arnold Moss, whose Ishmael, both in appearance and behavior, made me think of Old Ben Gunn in "Treasure Island." The ladies were handsome, though vague, it having been a man's world in those days. Young Mr. Lumet, whom I remember admiring so much in "My Heart's in the Highlands," has an accent which I'm obliged to say doesn't seem entirely suitable for Scripture, though otherwise he gave an earnest and touching performance. Jo Mielziner's sets are non-representational to a degree you will seldom see equalled.

—WOLCOTT GIBBS



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LETTER FROM LONDON

OCTOBER 6 (BY CABLE)

LONDONERS have been encouraged during the past week by the very definite slackening of night raids over the city. The anti-aircraft barrage seemed to be fiercer on several nights, but the bombing of central London was noticeably less. The effect on the public of a whole string of comparatively good nights was a tonic one. Shopgirls who had been looking as good-tempered as ever but terribly tired around the eyes suddenly bloomed as though they had been given a beauty treatment. Taxi-drivers spoke knowingly of something new being tried out in the defences. Whatever the cause, the number of planes that got over the town was certainly smaller. The most likely theory advanced by the aeronautical experts is that as the gunners get more accustomed to the workings of some new equipment they've been given, the anti-aircraft fire is becoming far more accurate, with the result that many raiders are crippled so badly they have to go right back to their bases instead of cruising leisurely overhead until dawn. It is possible that bad weather has also helped, though people are skeptical that the Germans would let poor visibility interfere with a program of obviously indiscriminate destruction.

Suburbanites and country dwellers paid last week for London's better nights. Bombs which were probably intended for the city area were unloaded on rural districts, perhaps because the pilots didn't fancy getting any closer to the barrage, which can be seen over an astoundingly wide area and beats any Fourth of July display that ever gladdened a small boy's heart; everyone hopes that after the new evacuation of mothers and children gets going there will be few small boys left in London to be gladdened by it. As though to make up for this increased nocturnal peacefulness, during the day the sirens have gone mad on several occasions, giving such non-stop performances that people lost track of whether they were listening to the end of an all-clear or the beginning of the next warble. The din had little effect upon crowds in the streets, for the system of posting roof spotters to warn pedestrians that enemy planes are approaching any given locality has been found to be more sensible than an indiscriminate going to earth at every alarm. When the guns went off the other aft-

ernoon, the spotters in one section of the city could be heard shouting like muezzins overhead, and even then there was little agitation in the streets, although a couple of passers-by did, as a great concession to the warnings, break into a sort of stately trot. The reaction of the big stores during a raid is unpredictable. Though some stay open, many more either shut infuriated cus-

tomers out or shut them in for a prolonged and fuming stay in the bargain basement.

Buses and tubes continue to run as usual. Buses came on the streets last week with new anti-splinter nets spread over their windows, an idea which may or may not be effective but doubtless has a good psy-



chological effect on the passengers. Certainly far more costly methods of counteracting blasts didn't save the plate-glass windows of shops in the West End, which were blown out as easily as those with which no such prudent precautions had been taken. Shopping in Oxford Street now has all the charms of shopping in an open-air market, with silk stockings and fragile underwear blowing in the breeze let in through paneless windows. Some firms exhibit notices requesting the public to refrain from handling goods in showcases whose glass has been shattered, adding the somewhat unnecessary explanation that the lack of glass is "due to enemy action"—the same phrase which has been adopted to explain civilian deaths in the obituary columns of the morning papers.

The owners of property damaged in air raids are faced with numberless problems, for the ins and outs of the "war-damage" act of 1939 relating to landlords and tenants are so involved that the only people who are likely to get any satisfaction are the solicitors. The extent of the tenant's responsibility and exactly how much and when the government is going to pay in compensation are made uncertain by all the usual legal "inasmuchses" and a few more besides.

The work of reconstruction goes forward briskly, however, whenever possible. The salvage firms and the little men in bowler hats with foot rules in their waistcoat pockets for measuring smashed windows were among the busiest people in London last week. In one West End street, racks of men's overcoats were being carried out of a wrecked tailoring establishment that looked like a surrealist nightmare, with bolts of tweed nestling beneath the

collapsed ceiling. Salvage workers were carting dusty fragments of furniture out of the rubble that used to be a block of beautiful old houses in Berkeley Square. An ornate, painted, barely recognizable grand piano was standing in the street and the men were assembling bits of a Georgian wrought-iron fanlight. The public has been warned not to pick up anything from the debris of a bombed house, since such an action might be misunderstood. Heavy sentences are being imposed for looting; quite often, though, cases of this kind are proved to be the result of someone's mistaken but perfectly innocent enthusiasm for saving belongings and handing them over to the police.

THE Cabinet changes produced some surprises and a good deal of satisfaction. Mr. Chamberlain's resignation, long rumored, caused profound relief, though it was a disappointment to many that another member of the old firm, Lord Halifax, didn't go out at the same time. The rise of the energetic and dynamic Mr. Ernest Bevin, the new Minister of Labour, and the appointment of Sir Andrew Duncan as Minister of Supply were popular. There are hopes that other weak spots in the government will be stiffened before long. Mr. Churchill, as the *Times* remarked, "is still, in some respects, a solitary figure." That solitary figure continues to command the devotion and confidence of all classes in a way which has probably been equalled only by the great William Pitt in 1759, "the year of victories." England would seem to have found her man of destiny at a critical juncture when her well-wishers were beginning to fear that destiny was taking the down, not the up, grade. An extraordinary leader and the determination of an extraordinary people have brought back hope and dignity to a scene that has long and humiliatingly lacked them.

—MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

We had been talking about Fred Corby when he pushed open the door and walked in. He stood there for a moment, grinning, his brown, fawn-like eyes taking in everybody at Ranger's bar.—From "Country Growth," by August Derleth, page 263, paragraph 1.

Fred Corby was justice of the peace for his second term.... For all that, he looked like a sleek, black mouse, and he acted like one: his beady little black eyes shifting around....—Same book, same page, paragraph 3.

Vacillating character, this Corby!



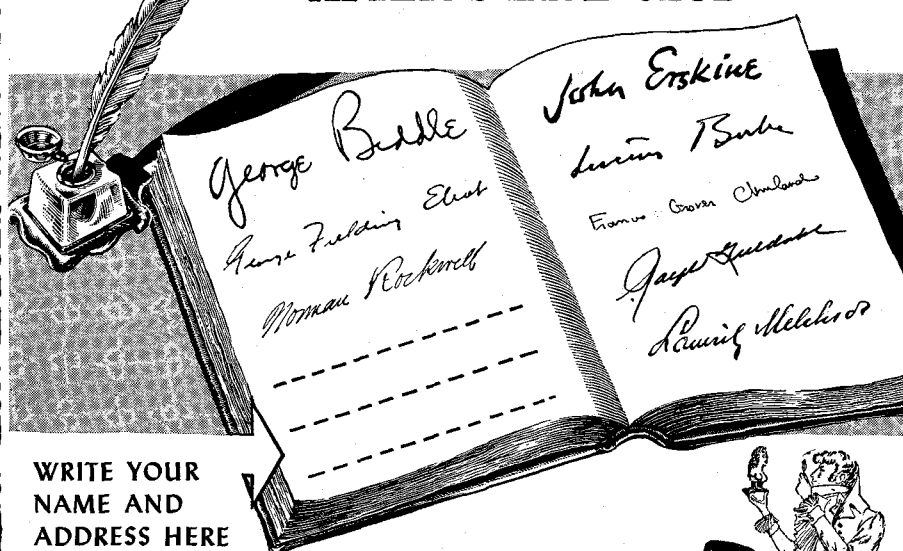
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THE AUTOMOBILE SHOW

Bigger and Bigger



MASSIVE is the word in automobile circles this year. Salesmen for seventeen of the eighteen makes of motorcars represented at the Automobile Show, which is starting a nine-day run at the Grand Central Palace this Saturday afternoon, are going to be put out if you don't agree with them that you've never seen models more massive. (The eighteenth is Crosley, which refuses to get into the swing of things and remains preoccupied with midgets.) I don't think you'll feel inclined to differ with the salesmen, for the 1941 cars really are a solid and powerful-looking lot.

Orders evidently went out around Detroit last spring that interiors must be roomier, with the result that exteriors bulge in all directions. Wheelbases are longer and doors belly out to conceal shrunken running boards; front fenders—designers always seem to regard them as the safest part of a car to tinker with—have been played up until they've nearly reached engine-hood level and sprout horizontally right out of the hoods, with no dip in between. Most of the cars, to move their extra bulk, have more powerful motors than before. In making the rounds to get a preview of the new models, I came upon one puzzled automobile man who wondered where it would all end. "Every year it's the same thing," he said. "Every year the cars get bigger and heavier and need more power. It's got to stop sometime." He might have added that, this year at least, cars are more expensive—a few dollars more for some makes, quite a few dollars more for others.

It used to be an overliberal use of chromium that disturbed this department; now it's nameplates and manufacturers' crests—there are too many of them and mostly they are so large and so ornate that you rather expect them to be lit up with neon tubes. Some such sort of easy identification will always be necessary, I suppose, as long as the men who design the bodies of our cars act as though they'd gone into a huddle with each other before starting work, but I do wish they didn't feel obliged to splash the name of every make and every model in big, bright metal script all over the hood and wheels. The lines of a car, and not the advertising on it, should, it seems to me, announce to the world the

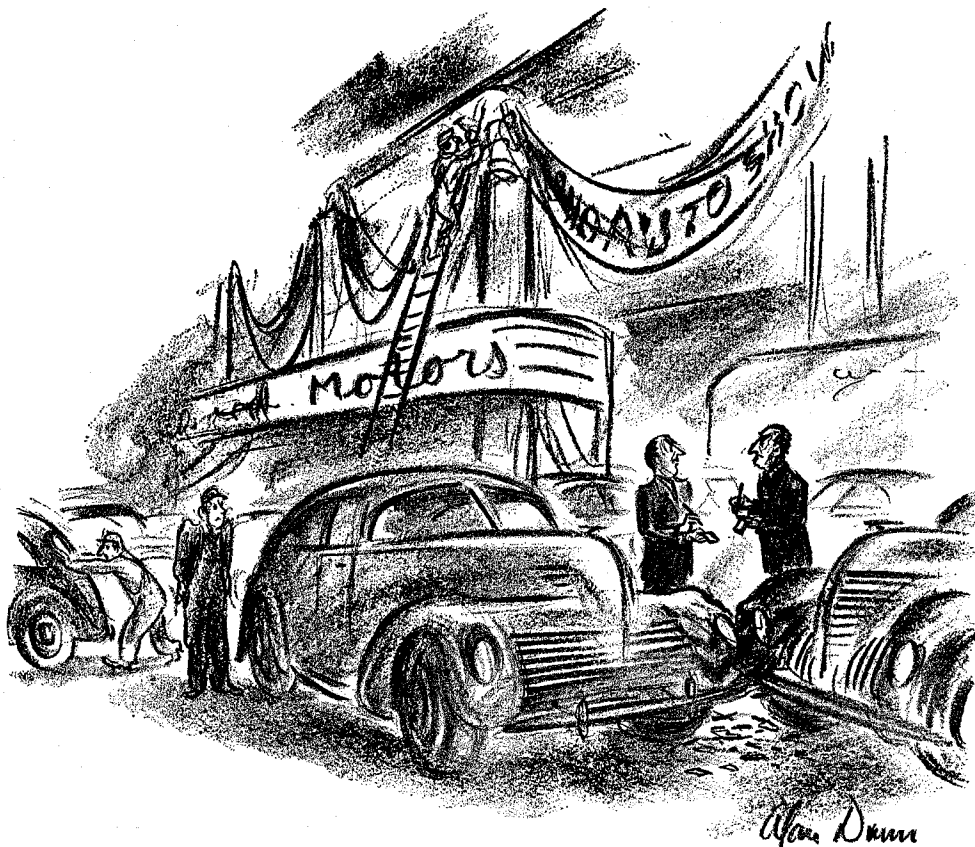
fact that it is "de-luxe," or "special," or whatever.

WITH this squawk out of the way, I'll take up some of the things I'm sure you're going to like at the Palace. In the first place, there's more glass for the driver to look through and less framework for him to look at; rear windows, which a year ago seemed about to expire, have been revived and enlarged. There really is more room in practically every model. Front seats, even in the smaller makes, are seriously intended to accommodate three; Lincoln will show an eight-passenger sedan in which nine can sit without any great discomfort. In many instances, rear doors are sensibly hinged to the centre post, so that if they become unlatched while the car is moving, the force of the wind will help to keep them closed. Some of the higher-priced Lincolns, Packards, and Chryslers have windows that are operated by push buttons instead of the elbow-cracking cranks we've been used to. Various efforts have been made to reduce the danger caused by blowouts by special rims and other devices designed to keep a car on the road, no matter what. Practically all the 1941 models are trimmed with ornamental stripes, either stamped into the metal or done in chro-

mium or paint, that run lengthwise on the fenders. Generally speaking, I rather like this idea; it helps accentuate the long, low lines I admire in a car.

You won't discover any breath-taking innovations in the machinery that makes a car go; most of the improvements in this category consist of attempts to perfect, and to widen the use of, discoveries made in other seasons. Last year, for example, the Fluid Drive was available only in the more expensive Chryslers; now it is standard equipment on all Chrysler eights and optional on Chrysler sixes, De Sotos, and Dodges. Oldsmobile has added a new wrinkle to its Hydra-Matic Drive—a contrivance which automatically puts the transmission in neutral when you step on the starter, so that even if you forget to set the mechanism properly, you won't start off with a bang. You'll hear a lot about better acceleration, steering gears, carburetors, and shock absorption, but, with the possible exception of Buick's two-carburetor engine, which is supposed to get greater power from less gas, these don't involve wholly new engineering principles.

There'll be an extra day in which to see the Show this year (it used to open on Sunday), and from the looks of things it's going to be needed. The





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look messy in the tray





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Peck & Peck

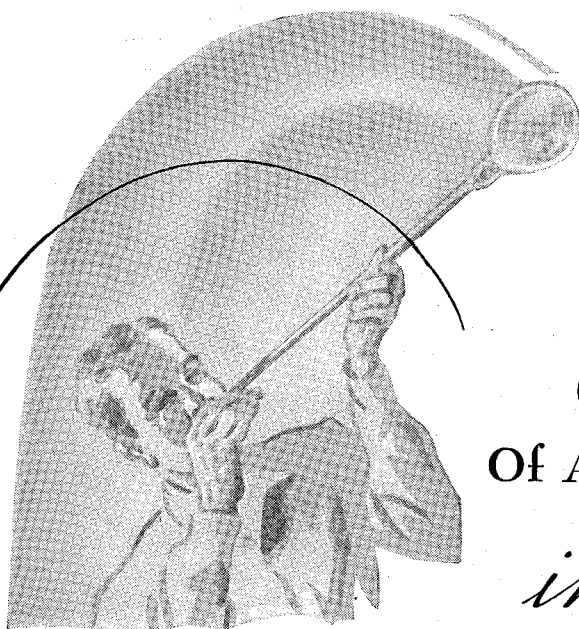
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people in charge are expecting more visitors than ever, and they're probably right, for a number of lesser shows that heretofore have been held elsewhere in the country have been cancelled because the armories in which they were put on are now otherwise occupied. So, by all means try to get to the Palace during the relatively off hours of early morning or between six and eight-thirty at night. The Show will open at two o'clock this Saturday, at ten-thirty on all other weekdays, and at noon on both Sundays. It will close at eleven each evening, except on the last day, when it will be all over at seven.

FOR the first time since 1927, there will be no La Salles in the Show. Cadillac has decided to drop this series, and in its place you will see the Cadillac Sixty-one, a new medium-priced entry. Though its motor is the same as those in more expensive Cadillacs and its body lines scarcely less elegant, it will sell here for only \$1,395 in the coupé version. The Cadillac people want it distinctly understood that the Sixty-one is not just a La Salle with a Cadillac nameplate; on the contrary, they say that the old La Salle was really a Cadillac with a La Salle nameplate. Amen. The new Cadillacs have broad, heavy grilles with parking lights set in them; their gas-tank intakes are concealed under tail-lights; their bumpers are enormous and seem to be fused to grille and fenders by a solid enamelled apron.

All members of the big General Motors family naturally share certain characteristics. Some come with concealed running boards, others with no running boards at all. Buick, Oldsmobile, Pontiac, and Chevrolet have those heavy engine grilles and great bumpers I mentioned in connection with Cadillac. I won't try to explain the details of Buick's new engine, but I'm assured that it will consume no more gasoline at fifty miles an hour than the old models do at thirty. Buick is making an earnest effort to reënter the high-priced market this year with a new Limited group of sedans (one of them formal) and limousines as well as cars with custom-built bodies. These start at around \$2,300, and there are twenty-two less expensive Buicks. One standard type I particularly fancy is the new "sedanet," a rakish model which appears to be a cross between a club coupé and a two-door sedan. The instrument panels in the 1941 Buicks have a certain cold elegance, achieved by the use of burnished metal instead of a lacquer finish.

I'm not as enthusiastic about the



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Genuine
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Rain at the game can't dampen you or your spirits if you're wearing a smartly comfortable, genuine waterproof, windproof and dustproof Alligator Raincoat! The fine light weight fabric is exclusively processed so that it won't crack or deteriorate! And it's made permanently soft and pliant to drape perfectly! Own an Alligator—either waterproof or water repellent—before it rains again!

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Oldsmobile's trimmings as I am about its Hydra-Matic Drive, which, as you must be aware by this time, does away with the need for a clutch. Chromium drips in great gobs from headlights and parking lights, and the interiors, I thought, would have been better if strips of chromium and plastics had been used more sparingly. You aren't likely to let this bother you much, though, once you've tried the wonderfully wide front seats that are to be found in all new Oldsmobiles. The bodies of these models are low-slung and solid-looking. By the way, the difference in price between a six- and an eight-cylinder Olds is only something like \$40.

One of the most extreme examples of modern styling is the Pontiac. Some of the cars have a roof line that drops in an unbroken arc from the windshield right down to the rear bumper. The tops of both front and rear fenders on all models have been made angular and their sides ornamented (and strengthened) with ridges pressed into the metal in place of the usual painted lines.

You'll find the new Chevrolet longer and wider, with concealed running boards and heavy bumpers and grilles, just like so many of the other G.M. cars. If anything, it has even more dash than its big brothers, for thin red lines have been painted along every one of the chromium bars in its radiator grille. Chevrolet's vacuum-power shift, by which the engine helps you change gears, is now standard equipment on all models. The engine is stronger than last year's, for its horsepower has been hiked up from 85 to 90.

CHRYSLER's Fluid Drive cars still have clutch pedals and gearshift levers, although you have to use them only under the most extraordinary driving conditions. An important Chrysler improvement is the safety-rim wheel. This has a ridge around its circumference designed to keep a blown-out tire from flopping off the rim while you are trying to bring your car to a stop. I liked Chrysler's broad engine grilles with horizontal bars, and I don't think you'll see a more graceful or well-thought-out use of plastics at the Show than in the interiors of these cars. Don't overlook those Chrysler speedometer needles, which change color like a chameleon: green up to thirty, then amber, and over fifty blushing red.

In design and interior treatment, both the Dodges and De Sotos are, to my mind, no less handsome than the Chryslers. Their two-tone body and upholstery combinations are bright and di-

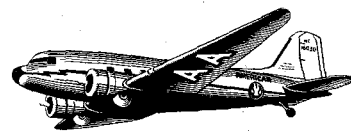
versified, and ornaments are used sparingly. Their windshield corner posts are narrower and the rear windows are nearly fifty per cent larger than they were last year. The steering wheel and pedals have been moved two and a half inches to the left, so that even with three in the front seat the driver isn't edged away from the controls.

The horsepower of the 1941 Plymouth has been stepped up a little. Second gear is now called the "get-away gear," and is adjusted so that you can start, if you want, without going into low at all; a new vacuum-powered gearshift which considerably reduces the manual effort of changing gears is optional. Like the Chryslers, Dodges, and De Sotos, the Plymouths have safety-rim wheels, engine-hood locks that can be operated from the dashboard, and trunk lids balanced so that they can be opened and closed without a struggle. The Special DeLuxe Plymouths come in four two-tone color combinations.

NASH has brought out a new low-priced car, which it calls the Ambassador 600, similar in appearance to, but with a trifle shorter wheelbase than, the regular Ambassador Six and Ambassador Eight. It has wide front seats, concealed running boards, and costs \$839 here for a four-door sedan. If it lives up to its maker's expectations, it will do anywhere from twenty-five to thirty miles on a gallon of gas. Just because the senior Ambassadors aren't new is no reason for overlooking their air-conditioning systems and optional equipment for converting the back seat into a six-foot double bed.

The Studebakers have been designed, as usual, by that busy man Raymond Loewy, and I must say he has turned out some very good-looking cars in this make's three series—the President, Commander, and Champion. One new model, the Land Cruiser, introduced in the President and Commander series, is a four-door sedan notable for the fine paint job that has been done on it and for its wide rear doors. I'd particularly like to say a good word for Studebaker's ventilating system, which gently lets in air from under the driver's seat instead of whooshing dust in your eyes from the usual vent in front of the windshield.

The Hudsons have been out for some time now, so you probably know all about Symphonic Styling, which is just a lyric way of saying that the exterior and interior color schemes match. I think you'll admire Hudson's instrument panels, which are handsome and include built-in concave radio grilles. The driv-



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American's splendid operating record and its frequent schedules. Sum up *all* the many reasons they'll give and you get a picture of an experienced traveler at home and at ease, thoroughly convinced that there's only *one way* to go—and that's by American Flagship. For reservations, call your Travel Agent or the nearest American Airlines ticket office.

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Before this windfall, hand-sculptured rugs were in the pearls-and-mink class. Being so beautiful, they got away with it. Until Sloane tumbled the price with this broadloom called "Celestia." Artist workers carved it by hand for us...in two compatible designs and four colors that'll start you mooning. Oyster white, Tahiti blue, Spice, and Cathay green. In 9, 12 and 15 foot widths, seamless, \$2.00 a square foot.

W & J SLOANE

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Prices slightly higher West of the Mississippi

er's ashtray is where it should be—on top of the dash at his right hand. Hudson goes in for the double insurance of providing old-style mechanical brakes as well as hydraulic ones, both operated by the same pedal. There is also an involved mechanism controlling the two front wheels in such a manner that if there is a blowout on one wheel the car can still be held on its course.

I always marvel at the way Packard manages to adapt its peculiarly individual lines to the changes in automobile styles. This year its radiator is narrower than ever and the flanking auxiliary grilles on the fronts of the fenders are considerably wider, yet the continuity of Packard design is still reassuringly there. Look inside and you'll see some of the most engaging two-tone upholstery to be found in the Show. The new Packards offer an optional air-conditioning system that filters dry air from a refrigerating unit into the rear passenger compartment. Also as optional equipment, Packard's new 110 De Luxe, like all the more expensive models, has gears that can be shifted without declutching and a fourth, high-speed gear for cruising.

FOR the first time in a long while, Mr. Ford will exhibit with his colleagues. After a year in which he made no big Lincolns, he's at it again. The result—the Lincoln Custom, shown both as a limousine and as an eight-passenger sedan—is not quite so big or nearly so expensive (\$2,896 for the limousine as against \$5,305 two years ago), but it's a beautiful car just the same. The interiors are done in pale-gold metal and a pinkish peach-colored plastic. The woodwork is mahogany. The Lincoln Continental, which last year was available only as a cabriolet, now also appears as a club coupé that is less laden with chromium than almost any other car in the Show. Door handles as we have known them are practically obsolete so far as Lincolns are concerned; on all three of them—the Zephyr, Custom, and Continental—latches are released from the inside by push buttons set flush with the surface of the door, and on the Continental similar devices take the place of outside handles.

You'll notice some fairly startling changes in the Fords. They're emphatically bigger, wider, bulkier, and—I might as well say it—massive. There isn't any Standard Ford this year—they're all either De Luxe or Super De Luxe. The terminology is justified, I'm assured, because this year's De Luxe is everything last year's De Luxe was (two sun visors, two tail-lights, two-

tone dashboard and wheel), and the 1941 Super De Luxe is even more so (a slightly bigger body, double-speed windshield-wipers, ignition-keylight, and I don't know what). One new feature of which I highly approve is the three-piece fender, so arranged that if one part gets dented, you just buy a new section instead of a whole new fender.

The Mercury now has a longer wheelbase, heavier bumpers, and an aspect of increased weight and solidity. Its running boards, like those on the Fords, are partially concealed by flaring body sides. I think you'll like the instrument panel, on which all the gauges are grouped together under a single pane of glass directly in front of the driver. Two new models have joined the line: a very stylish station wagon and a coupé with jump seats that let down in the two back corners.

ALTHOUGH the Willys models of 1941 are noticeably larger and roomier than those of a year ago, they will continue to sell for only a little over \$700, and so remain the lowest-priced standard-size cars on the regular market. These automobiles, which the manufacturer is calling Americars, have longer wheelbases and more window and windshield space than their predecessors. The horsepower of the Willys motor has been increased from 60 to 63, but the cars are still confidently expected to get over thirty miles to the gallon.

To my way of thinking, the big thing about the little Crosley is that its gas tank has been enlarged and now holds six gallons instead of four, which seems perfectly adequate, since the car's two-cylinder air-cooled motor will take it fifty-five to sixty miles on a gallon. There are four more models this year, too. Don't miss the sensible, if tiny, station wagon, for only \$497.

SIDESHOWS will be held as usual at the Waldorf-Astoria, where General Motors cars will be on display; at the Chrysler Salon, Lexington Avenue and Forty-second Street; and in Mr. Ford's showroom at 1710 Broadway (54th). —L. K. B.

OUR NAME IS LEGION

In their full pride the squealing, piggy rout
Go tickling, tumbling downward, tail to snout;
Not till two-thirds of them are drowned, the rest,
Still sliding on, half know they are possessed.
—GEORGE ALLEN

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SEWING KIT...\$1.00



You shall have your favorite fragrance wherever you go—

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as gracefully as it stays at home. Open the flame-red pin

cushion top, and you'll



find Old Spice Bath

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Water—each in its own old-fashioned container. Look



further, and you'll discover a tablet of Old



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Good mixers like the Sparklet way, with its savings in space, in trouble, and in money. A carton of ten Sparklet bulbs—that make ten *full quarts* of sparkling water—is small enough to slip in your pocket! Enjoy Sparklet convenience, with no bottle returns ...no bottle deposits.



The Sparklet Syphon, available in your choice of design, lends a smart note of distinction to room or table. New styling, new features, new conveniences make the new Sparklet bottles a *must* for smart hosts. Own one today! If your dealer can't supply you, write direct.

New Sparklet, Standard (Polished Chrome) \$5.00
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TAKE HOME A CASE
OF SPARKLING WATER
IN YOUR POCKET

5 Bulbs—40c
10 Bulbs—75c

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THE RACE TRACK

A Minority Report

SORRY, but I can't turn hand-springs over the idea of improving the breed of thoroughbreds with a long race like the New York Handicap. No doubt the appeal of a \$50,000 purse brought out horses who would have been run as readily for \$15,000, or \$5,000, and some who shouldn't have been run at all. I wonder how long Your Chance had to stand in a tub of ice water to numb his bad leg (he stood in one for hours before he ran in the Lawrence Realization), how much Sickle T.'s speed was dulled for races to come by running out of his distance, and if Fenelon strained himself badly when he stumbled at the start. Such speculation prevents me from submitting an unreservedly enthusiastic report on the two-and-a-quarter-mile quickstep at Belmont Park last weekend. It wasn't awfully exciting to watch, either, until right at the end, for it was like one of those classics in France in which each stable used to start two runners—one to make the pace as far as he could, and the other to sprint through the last quarter of a mile.

If almost everyone hadn't been dazzled by Fenelon, who I still think is a good colt, the winner, Shot Put, wouldn't have been 10-1. Lots of people did remember, though, that during the summer, when the Chicago tracks went crazy over what are called marathons out there, Shot Put won at two miles and a quarter and two miles and three-quarters. In fact, two days before the New York Handicap, Warren Wright tried to buy him, offering the owner, Mrs. Marie Evans, \$10,000 and twenty-five per cent of whatever Shot Put might win in the race. Mrs. Evans, however, had other ideas, and her hunch, or whatever it was, turned out to be worth \$42,400 to her. Shot Put, a plain-looking, brown four-year-old by Chance Shot and Muzzie II, was bred by Joe Widener, who has the knack of getting rid of big-money winners—Azucar and Stagehand, both of whom won \$100,000 purses at Santa Anita, to name two offhand. Shot Put didn't win once as a two-year-old, and Widener sold him for \$2,000. Racing for Mrs. Evans last season, Shot Put won only three of his twenty starts, but he has done better this year, with seven out of thirty. Willie Garner, last of the celebrated Garner family of jockeys (which included Guy,

who was so successful in France, and Mack, who rode Cavalcade), handled Shot Put perfectly in the New York Handicap, bringing him up fast in the last half-mile, and beating Price Headley's little filly, Equitable, by a neck. High Fidelity, who came in third, was left lengths behind. By the way, you could have bought High Fidelity for \$800 a few months ago. Nobody did, so R. J. Dienst, who manages Beulah Park, a track in Ohio, fussed along with him during the summer, and collected third money of \$5,000 on Saturday.



TO me, the best race of the week was the Ladies' Handicap, won by Headley's Salamina. There was better jockeyship in the Ladies', which was at a mile and a half, than in the New York Handicap; the race was over more quickly, and the riders did not seem to become bewildered or tired.

I wouldn't be surprised if Mrs. Payne Whitney's Monday Lunch turned out to be one of next season's top-class three-year-olds. I liked the way he ran in the Champagne Stakes last weekend. For once there was no nonsense about him; he whipped around the leaders at the head of the stretch and won with plenty to spare. He'll go well in the Pimlico Futurity. Swain also made a lot of friends on the strength of his spectacular finish. King Cole, obviously, is only a sprinter.

THE jumpers always put on a good show in the Grand National Steeplechase Handicap. This year there was another close finish, as Cottesmore, owned and trained by Pete Bostwick, won the \$14,850 purse by a nose from Dolly's Love. There were mutterings about the stout new du Pont fences when Mad Policy, one of the favorites, stumbled at the tenth and lost his rider. The most interesting animal in the paddock at saddling time was Mrs. F. Ambrose Clark's Kellsboro Jack, who won the Liverpool Grand National in 1933 and who led the racers to the post. He is a huge fellow, seventeen hands high, with immense shoulders and quarters, and even though he is fourteen years old, he looked fit and ready to run.

IT'S just as well for owners of eligibles for the Selima Stakes, Laurel's important two-year-old filly race, that

Level Best isn't in it. She'd be hard to beat if she were. From all accounts, she never was out of a gallop in winning the Richard Johnson Stakes down in Maryland last weekend. Misty Isle disappointed her numerous admirers by finishing third. As for Little Beans, who was lucky when he beat Level Best at Havre de Grace, he was down the course.

WITHOUT wishing to encroach on our London correspondent's territory, I'd like to pass along a story Charlie Munn, who is head of White City, the big dog-racing track in London, told the other day. As you may or may not know, dog racing has gone on uninterrupted since the beginning of the war, the only difference being that the races are run off late in the afternoon instead of at night. Despite the air raids, as many people go to White City and the other tracks as ever did. The last letter Munn received from his resident manager reported that one afternoon during the second week in September the attendance was around 80,000. (There were 25,000 at Belmont Park last Saturday.) Although an air raid was in progress that afternoon, nobody bothered to go to the shelters. Presently three German and two British planes got into a dog fight directly above the track, and only then did interest waver from the races. The R.A.F. fighters were cheered as they wheeled, banked, and looped, and a number of bookmakers laid odds on which of the German planes would be shot down first. There was more betting on that than on the next dog race.

—AUDAX MINOR

TESTING, TESTING

Now is the time for all good men
To come from the hills, the woods, and
the glen,
To come to the aid of the quick brown
fox,
The quick little, slick little smarty.
To come to the aid of the pretty little
fox,
To come to the aid of their Party.

—DAN DILLON

HOLLYWOOD, Aug. 10—(AP)—“This talk about the new Dietrich is a lot of hoovey,” said the lady herself, wrapping her much-publicized legs around a high school. “I'm the same old Dietrich, and folks who say differently just have forgotten.”—*Middleton (Ohio) Journal*.

She seems to have lengthened out, though.

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Today, patriotism's in the air . . . and the new Fall clothes have a military swing and dash that's very young and *vital*! If you'd do justice to your trim, new outfit, you *must* get a young, new shade in lipstick, too. You'll love Patriot Red . . . for it's a deeper, richer red and yet so *alive*—brilliant as the stripes of our flag—exciting as the music of a military band!

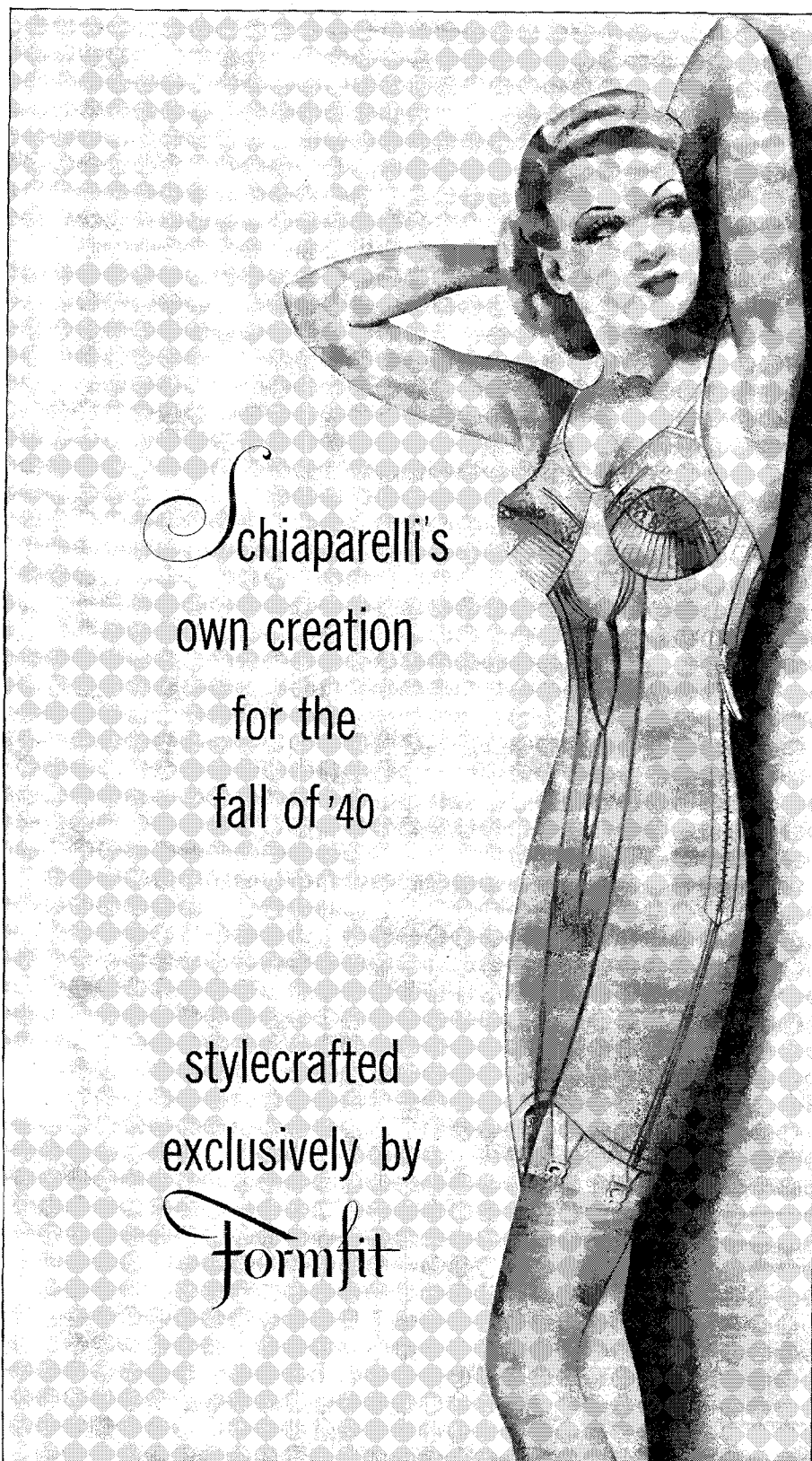
Wear Patriot Red “in defense of glamour” . . . for this thrilling shade comes in the Louis Philippe *special type* Lipstick—color-blended in a *special* way so that, even in glaring sunshine, its shades won't turn cold and hard. Gives your lips a *lasting* glamour, too . . . for it stays on for hours without smear or smudge.

In fact, wear Patriot Red and you can *forget* your lips—*others won't* for that young, warm, pulsating color will be too utterly bewitching!

Louis Philippe



For extra glamour with your Patriot Red Lipstick, get Angelus Rouge Incarnat or Louis Philippe Compact Rouge and Face Powder—just ask for Louis Philippe Patriot Red Make-Up!



Only the genius of Elsa Schiaparelli could create this incredible foundation. It changes your body lines to the new requirements for the fall of '40 by raising the bust, lengthening the waist and straightening the hip. All this accomplished with only about eight ounces of lingerie-like lightness and loveliness. Each garment bears Schiaparelli's own label. At the better stores.

\$10, \$16.50, \$25. GIRDLES TOO STARTING AT \$7.50

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OF ALL THINGS

SO far as anyone could tell at the time, the meeting of Hitler and Mussolini at the Brenner Pass was purely a social affair. Just a couple of good fellows breaking bread and treaties together.

Axis spokesmen have had to confess to their people that the war will not be over this fall. However, it may spend the winter in the south, where the weather and the British aren't quite so terrible.

Japan is willing to make the United States a reasonable offer. It will declare war on us if we promise to furnish the necessary materials.

It was good to hear the rowdy custom of throwing vegetables at Wendell Willkie condemned on all sides. The practice was poor sportsmanship, poor politics, and a poor way to solve the farm-surplus problem.

The Gallup people aren't prepared to predict the result of the election. Their findings, however, indicate a close race, with Roosevelt squeezing through by 499 to 32.

The suggestion has been made that we have another Vice-President to take over such executive chores as dedications. There is no reason this great country should not have as many Vice-Presidents as the Eighth National Bank.

The Frank Hague administration is again revealed as the faithful friend of the Jersey City taxpayer. When the price of coal was high, it burned the poll books in the City Hall.

Willkie tells us that "this way of life" will die out if he is defeated. That indispensable man is here again.

New York is trying hard to take over the style dictatorship heretofore held by Paris. Fashion-creating seems to be the only institution that has not been blamed for the French disaster.

A former trustee of Temple charges that the university pays its athletes subsidies totalling \$50,000 a year. He should remember that a football player's job is hard and has practically no future.

—HOWARD BRUBAKER

ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FOIBLES



THERE is nothing, seemingly, that our vaunted free and powerful press can do about the current fashion of painting the upper lip into a sneer or about the equally fashionable pompadour. The great beauties of the town go on the prowl in public places with smiles on their faces like the smile on the face of the tiger, the corners of their mouths lifted into a snarl. Above the menacing expression a pompadour looms, and above this bobs a Thing of velvet and feathers, much like the hats that bobbed over the coiffure of Queen Victoria. Although struggling against style whims involving such final touches as applying lipstick and doing the hair is a waste of energy, there are certain fundamentals in this business of prettying-up on which, I hope, we can all agree. At any rate, I now call meekly to your attention a few cosmetic innovations designed for women who simply want to look their best.

In the first place, the beauticians, after years of fighting an expensive battle against putting soap and water on the face, have suddenly become infatuated with facial treatments that wind up with brisk dashes of cold water. One new trick of this sort involves Bonwit Teller's Milk Maid Cleansing Milk, eighty per cent of which is Borden's milk (the overworked Elsie is not mentioned) and the rest vegetable oils. It's a soft, thickish stuff that you put on your face and neck and leave to dry (and to pull your skin taut) for ten minutes. Then you wash it off with a sponge, wet first in warm and next in cold water. See that you get it all off, too, for milk crust is not becoming to anyone over the age of six months. The makers claim that the concoction is neither a soap nor a cream but combines the best features of both; I only know that it leaves your skin incredibly smooth and clear. Rose Laird offers a similar idea in a new Liquid Lather, which you apply to your face with a soft brush and remove with water, and this, too, is wonderful. It leaves your skin looking so clean you are tempted to venture forth with no further adornment than a bit of lipstick.

There is, however, the problem of making powder cling to the extra-smooth surfaces which both of these treatments produce, and also the problem of the dryness face powder creates on such surfaces. Rose Laird's answer is her Protective Lotion, which is a swell

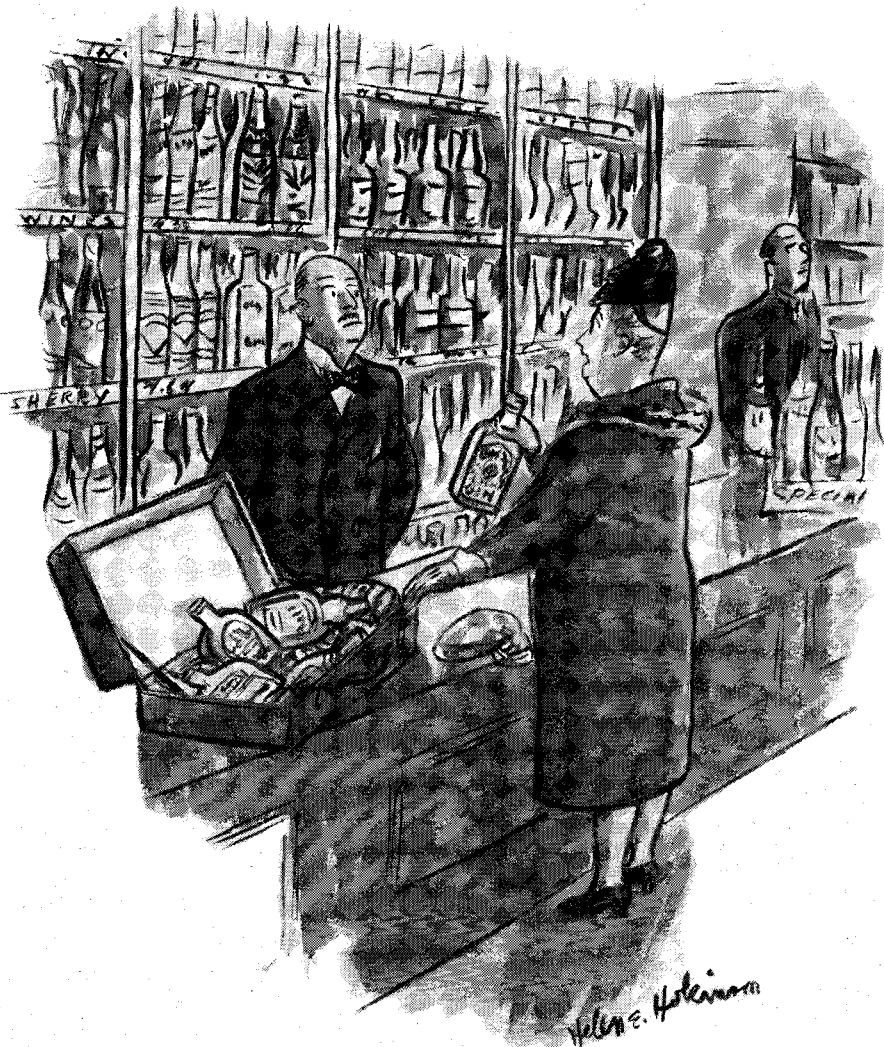
addition to her line of Young Skin products (superb for kids both before and after they've reached the makeup age), and her Face Lotion, for adult skins. There is also her Skin Tone foundation—a powder cream base in different skin shades. The Milk Maid people offer Emulsion, which gives a creamy base for powder and is something which I am certain will be necessary for me once the wintry winds start their chapping program.

Finishing touch: the Cheek Stick, brought out by Revlon, is nothing more or less than a cream rouge that is applied to the cheeks with exceptional ease. It comes in colors that go with the Revlon lipsticks, which carry out the scheme by harmonizing with the justly famous Revlon fingernail polishes.

THE pungent, British type of scent pervades the newest products for the bath. Among these are bath salts which Marton Frères offer in lavender, bouquet, carnation, pine, and so on. Lord & Taylor charge a dollar for a two-

pound jar of any of these delicious flavors, and throw in a sea-shell scoop. . . . At Bonwit Teller, they are bragging about their great, floating bowls of Mem bath soap in verbena, pine, and almond. It's a lovely, lathering stuff with a lingering fragrance, and comes with a small, three-legged bamboo stand (nice for a fern, maybe, later); \$5.95 for the works. . . . The Shulton Early American people, who ask so little for their spicy and delicious bath products (put up in boxes you keep afterward), have just brought out Friendship's Garden, a blend of old-fashioned floral odors. This, for a dollar, gives you soap, sachet, talcum powder, and scent—as economical a bit of romance as you can imagine. . . . Charbert offers a new eau de cologne in amber scent, heavy and voluptuous and designed to accompany the dusky richness of winter clothes.

THERE is nothing new in the hair-dressing performances of Mme. Louise Berthelon, of 440 Park Avenue

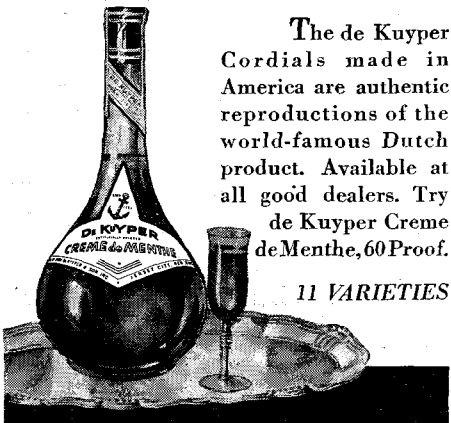


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(56th), but it never hurts to remind you about them. Her dollar shampoo, which includes vibrator scalp massage and hand drying, is famous among her clients. Her permanents can be given to you by appointment in your own home, if you like, and cost, at the most, around \$15. No rampant curl is too small to warrant her attention. Moreover, Madame is unselfish and impractical about showing you various professional tricks for taking care of your wave all by yourself.

EVEN in the lighthearted fashion field there are passionate patriots who realize that what this country needs is harmony. Thus, in the nick of time, we now have Lisner's Powder-Blend pearls—strings of pearls, each carefully selected to blend with the individual's skin (from around \$2 to \$10 at Bonwit Teller). When I think of the slipshod way in which we once wore pearls a good two shades lighter than our faces, I wonder that the country has survived as well as it has; had we gone on so carelessly, the end would surely have been chaos.

—L. L.

ABOUT THE HOUSE *Strictly Domestic*

NICELY timed for dramatic effect, the first of the American-Way home furnishings have just turned up, at Macy. You must have heard something of this new art-and-industry movement, in which about a hundred artists, industrial designers, craftsmen, and manufacturers from all parts of the country have got together peacefully (if you can imagine such a thing) in an honest, concerted effort to fill the spot left vacant by the absence of European wares. Well, anyway, you probably won't like everything about the results, but that's to be expected, for an enterprise so vast couldn't hope to ring the bell for all of the people all of the time. The furniture group, in which modern maple predominates, hasn't much to show that American manufacturers have not already done independently; the fabrics, although there are several individually splendid ones, won't, on the whole, make you tear your hair in despair over having chosen your curtains and upholstery before seeing American-Way's offerings. In earthenware and pottery, however, some things have been accomplished which may surprise those who have thought the charm of European peasant wares was inimitable. A clover design, for instance, appears on a dinner set which is the first of a series that, it is planned, will feature native field flow-

ers. The idea is a pretty one and should affect many a handsome country table of the future. Peter Cabot (a girl) and Douglas Maier designed the clover pattern for the Fulper potters, and you'll undoubtedly hear more of this combination as time and American-Way go on. Audrey Buller's beautiful moss-rose design on heavy white china by Knowles (only to look at; the stuff won't be ready to deliver for a month or so) adorns another set; you get fifty-three pieces for about \$15, and they couldn't be lovelier. The Arthurdale Association of Mountaineer Craftsmen has sent casseroles, honey pots, and cookie jars designed by Rebecca Cauman. These are done in plump, comfortable shapes, with a kind of translucent white glaze laid over the clay, and are fitted with hand-wrought pewter tops that have small, perfect pewter vegetables, bees, and hummingbirds for knobs.

The woodenware is almost as good. Russel Wright's Oceana serving dishes of vague and wavy outline come in natural hazel and blond maple woods. All are beautiful to see, although they may strike some people as too delicate and imaginative to appear in public filled with peanuts. Halved nutshell shapes carved in wood (giant ones for the buffet, small sizes for individual table service) make more forthright nut bowls. Then there are small wood carvings of farm people and animals which are a credit to Middle Western artistry—something most Easterners probably didn't know existed.

These and other similar small things, the outcome of the bringing together of artists and manufacturers who seem made for each other, are alone enough to justify American-Way. It can't be over-optimistic to expect that the same general excellence will spread in time to fields in which the enterprise has not been equally successful in this first try.

IT must be a tremendous source of satisfaction to Lord & Taylor to discover that it is now necessary only to hoist a sign saying "Pahlmann Rooms" to bring crowds, in which there are almost as many men as women, streaming through its doors. Mr. Pahlmann hasn't let his public down in the new series of decorative inventions which at the moment is creating excitement on the store's seventh floor. As always, the rooms are a trial to describe, for they have a way of sounding like something any sane creature would want to run from, although their most fantastic elements often prove, on sight, to be entirely reasonable. One of the current

rooms, for example, has walls that have been turned inside out, showing a shingled interior painted bright barn red. It sounds outrageous and looks wonderful. I can't go all the way with Mr. Pahlmann on this room's bar and enormous tambour chest, covered all over with a photographic finish that reproduces to the life the skin of a snake, but I am an ardent admirer of a pair of tufted green sofas placed back to back in the middle of the floor, an unsociable idea that seems to me ideal for cocktail parties. The country-house living room with a slide-up door (garage style) making one entire wall is another of those things that look a lot less sensational than you'd think. When closed, this door-wall is a great bank of quite ordinary windows. The whole business slides up on an overhead track when you want to turn the room into a terrace.

Pahlmann has fallen in love with porcelain stoves and has chosen from the Edwin Jackson collection, about which I wrote fondly in August, a beautiful pale-blue one to use in a bedroom. He shows a country living room done up in plaid shantung and papier-mâché furniture and places in it an iron stove, enamelled white, which looks like porcelain but sells for \$65 instead of the thousand-odd it might be worth if it were the real McCoy.

THE Presidents' Chairs at W. & J. Sloane are another outcropping of the patriotic mood, and they are a success. Some of the pieces shown are exact copies of chairs in which great Presidents sat; others are attractive adaptations which turn businesslike desk chairs (like one of Thomas Jefferson's from Monticello) into velvet-upholstered affairs fit for a lady's boudoir. There are eight chairs in all, starting with a faithful copy of a rush-bottom one used by George Washington and winding up with a club chair which is a careful reproduction of one now in the White House study. Grover Cleveland scores heavily; two of his chairs, a Queen Anne *bergère* and a petticoated wing chair covered in chintz, are in the group. —B. B.

A son was born today to Mr. and Mrs. Ronald Mattox, Highlands, at the Wisconsin General hospital.

Certain African tribes celebrate the birth of a male child to one of the tribesmen by ceremonies at which great quantities of food and drink are consumed and which often last two weeks. The father is compelled by tribal custom to pay all the bills.

—*Wisconsin State Journal*.

Are you listening, Mattox?

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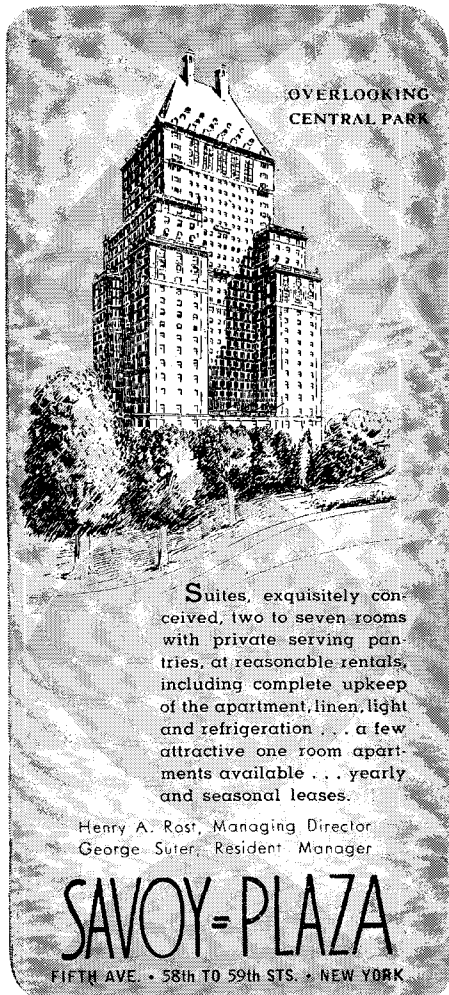


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FOOTBALL

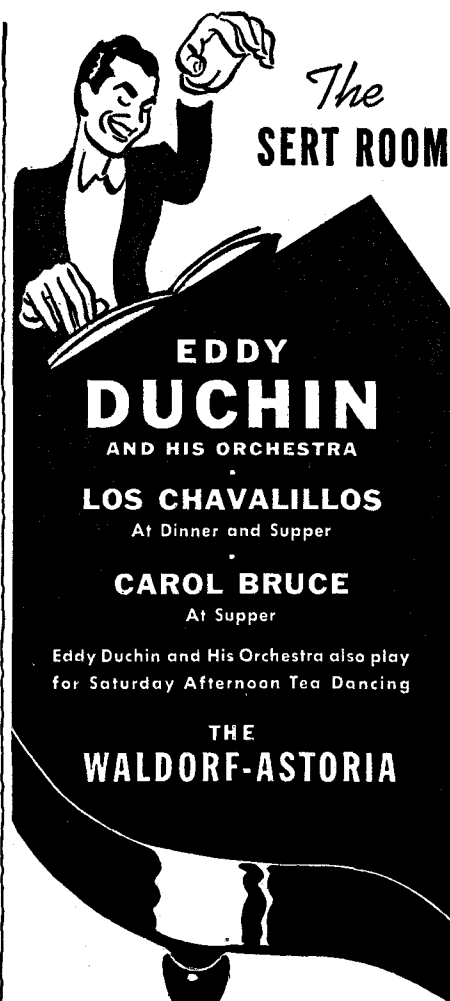
Hot and Cold



SOME of the old fire seems to be lacking nowadays in the zeal with which much of our inter-sectional warfare is conducted. Even at the big Vanderbilt rally held at the Ambassador last Friday night, you had to offer 3-1 on Princeton before you could entice what money the visitors felt inclined to risk, and displayed prominently on the wall was not the belligerent "Beat Princeton!" pennant you would have expected but a banner irrelevantly announcing "Southern Democratic Rally & Dance for Willkie Hotel Commodore at 9:30." Something of this spirit, or lack of it, was carried over into the game next day. Vanderbilt's best play was a little number that started out as a crossbuck and finished up as an end run, a not especially original maneuver but one which had the inexperienced Princeton line on its ear. Vanderbilt, however, waited until the fourth quarter to try it out, and that was just too late to win the game, though not too late to come within a point of tying it.

Paul Busse, the new Princeton fullback, may be Coach Wieman's most successful experiment of the season. At any rate, he is certainly an excellent demonstration of Wieman's theory of developing players. It isn't likely, unless you arrived very early at Princeton games last year, that you remember Busse, whose principal contribution was some rather spectacular pre-game punting. He could, when he felt like it, kick a ball seventy yards on the fly. Practice over, he retired to the players' bench, from which, since he was only a third-stringer on a remarkably good squad of ends, he almost never had occasion to stir. Before last Saturday's game, I asked Wieman what made him decide that a third-string end would make a first-string fullback. Wieman said, "Well, a football player's a football player. If he can play one position, he can play another. I've got plenty of ends this year, but no fullbacks. So if I'm short-handed somewhere, I take men from other positions. I hate to have a useful player sitting on the sidelines." Wieman, I imagine, came by this point of view naturally. In his undergraduate days at Michigan, he played both fullback and centre.

Busse worked out beautifully. His



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LOS CHAVAILLOS
At Dinner and Supper

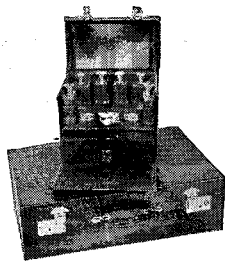
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MENTAL PORTRAITS
Not pretty, flattering ambiguity

long-range punting came in handy, as expected, and he also backed up the line, led the interference on the offence, and—to add a storybook topper to the whole thing—scored the winning touchdown on a deceptive lateral pass.

Wieman is also interested in dietary experiments. I noticed that when the waiters were setting the tables for supper in the field house they put a small carton of gelatine beside every plate. I never touch the stuff myself, and since I was curious about the technique of absorbing it, I asked one of the Negro waiters how the players did it. "They pours it in a glass of water, stirs it up, and drinks it down quick," he said. I inquired whether the boys liked it. "Man, no!" he answered. "I said they drinks it down *quick*."

SPEAKING of fullbacks, I think Columbia has a nice new one in Stewart McIlvennan, who, substituting for Len Will, made an impressive début toward the end of the game with Maine. McIlvennan sashays downfield in dizzy fashion when he has the ball. Still, though Lou Little is a coach who can do marvels with the material he gets, he'll have a hard time of it until Stanczyk's knee lets him play again.

YALE sort of expected a tough game with Virginia. In fact, Greasy Neale took on the scouting assignment himself at the Virginia-Lehigh game the week before, but Virginia, knowing he was there, stuck to just seven plays that afternoon. The gaudy triple pass unveiled in Yale Bowl on Saturday was not one of them. There is, by the way, nothing wrong with Virginia's chauvinism. The team arrived with an enthusiastic cheering section and a full array of the Stars and Bars. It was the first time anyone can recall seeing the flag of the Confederate States of America floating over the Bowl. —J. W. L.

"We are treading on sacred ground when we kick labor in the face," Murdock said.—*Detroit Free Press*.

Taking off his hat and raising his right foot.

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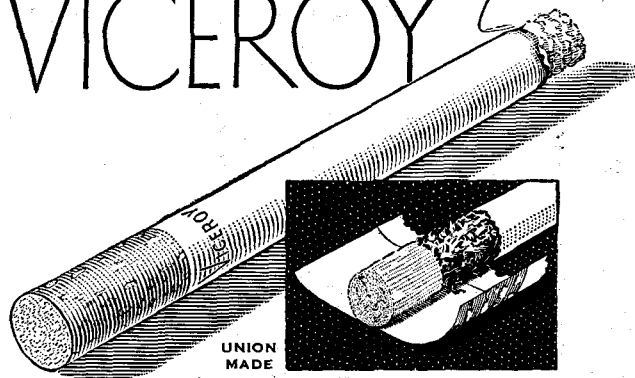
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MUSICAL EVENTS

G. and S.—Miss Traubel



THE Lyric Opera Company, which began a Gilbert and Sullivan Festival at the Forty-fourth Street Theatre last week, is a disarmingly agreeable and vivacious troupe of young people whose doings obviously pleased many of the clientele that assembled for their performances of "The Gondoliers" and "The Mikado." There aren't any sensational solo voices in the group, but the ensemble efforts are smoothly in tune, and the conductor, Joseph S. Daltry (he's the founder and producer, as well as the maestro of the company), knows how to build up stimulating choral climaxes. The Gilbertian words get a good break, because the enunciation generally is distinct, even if the diction reveals a variety of pronunciations, including the vocal-studio dialect.

You can't expect a young company to develop all of the musical possibilities of "The Gondoliers," which, in its way, is a tougher assignment than many a grand opera, and it wasn't surprising that Mr. Daltry's solo vocalists did better for themselves in "The Mikado" than they did in "The Gondoliers." One refreshing element in both productions was that the principals attacked the high notes without tempting one to give odds that they wouldn't reach them.

The acting, as a whole, included too much corroborative detail. Evidently, the idea was to explain the text with suitable gestures—so much so that the reference to "Bach, interwoven with Spohr" and Beethoven was garnished with an evolution apparently intended to illustrate the interweaving of Bach with Spohr and Beethoven. Allusions to food were likely to be made patent by bits of umbilical patting, and although the performers did their various mimetic exercises with agility and a semblance of conviction, some of us old cranks would have been happier if the acting had been as unostentatious as the singing.

The comedians of the company evidently don't trust Sir William Gilbert too far, because last week they were helping out his lines with knowing facial commentary and occasional bouncing around the stage. Sometimes, this sort

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of playing is known as acting with Relish, and it must be reported that plenty of the paying guests went for it in a big way. The loudest laughter I heard was prompted by the finale of a dese-dem-dose encore version of "The Flowers That Bloom in the Spring." The improvement on the original that captivated some of the listeners especially was "to hell with the flowers of spring."

THE first major recital event of the season was Miss Helen Traubel's concert in Town Hall, and Miss Traubel had no trouble in winning her audience as thoroughly as she has won gatherings at her previous appearances. Miss Traubel probably could make out handsomely simply by firing her sumptuous voice at random, but she's an artist who thinks before she sings, and her presentations were distinguished by poise and imagination as well as by sheer sound. Now and then, she hurled a high one so emphatically that it became a high hard one. Overprojected high tones could, however, be written off against a preponderance of beautifully proportioned vocalism.

What may have been a surprise in an evening that was chiefly a confirmation of Miss Traubel's eminence as a singer of German music and familiar French concert songs was her management of the "suicide" air from "La Gioconda." She treated this veteran of Italian opera to an exciting exposition instead of the beating it usually takes. It was interesting, also, to hear so fine a voice devoted to "Deep River," although I hope that hereafter Miss Traubel will omit the trilled "r," which doesn't belong in spirituals or, for that matter, in most songs in English.

The musicale was enlivened by the activities of a photographer who evidently had been engaged to take flashlight shots of members of the audience at intervals during the concert. This sort of thing may encourage photographing amateurs to bring their cameras to recitals and snap one another while somebody is singing "Der Erlkönig." Maybe some enterprising manager will begin giving away a roll of film with every ticket.

—ROBERT A. SIMON

STATISTICAL DEPARTMENT

[From the World-Telegram]

Fall styles will be three-button in both double and single-breasted models, said Albert F. Free of F. R. Tripler & Co., member of the fashion committee. For the single-breasted models, drape or lounge, in no case will more than three buttons be buttoned, he explained.

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MY CAREER AS AN ATHLETE

NOW that the draft bill has passed, I want to make a clean breast of the shabby way I treated the Army during my thoughtless youth. Then, when my turn comes to serve, the whole thing will have been aired and my conscience will be free.

The trouble started late one spring about twelve years ago when I made a weekend excursion to the campus which I intended to grace as a freshman the following fall. Saturday afternoon, I saw, on the mall, a motley collection of unhappy wights in drab olive drab, marching and countermarching under the high, hot sun. I found out they were freshmen taking Military Science and Tactics, a required course. In a few years they'd be officers in the reserve, sporting spurs, swords, and whatever else officers are permitted to hang on a Sam Browne belt, but now they were just plain privates who marched all afternoon three times a week, regardless of the weather.

I decided this was not for me. All that summer I tried to figure out ways to avoid it. I think I settled in my mind on a long, understanding talk with the Dean, during which, in a humorous, adult way, I'd explain my aversion to drilling. But what I actually did was this: when it came time to register and we had to fill out cards for every course, I just didn't register for R.O.T.C. I knew they'd catch up with me, but I decided to worry about that later.

Then I found out about Physical Training. You could get out of R.O.T.C. by taking P.T., as they called it (which was just exercises for forty minutes three times a week in the gym). But to be allowed to take P.T., you had, according to the college catalogue, to "suffer from a physical disability." I didn't have any, but I thought I saw a way out. When I went for the physical examination all entering students had to have, I took the long way around the campus, running as fast as I could. When I got to the infirmary my heart was pounding satisfactorily, but it was back to normal by the time my turn came to be examined. Apart from my clammy, sweaty appearance, the doctor found nothing wrong with me.

I was ready to give myself up to the Army, but procrastinated for the rest of the week. After worrying for several days and sleepless nights, I learned

there was another possible loophole. Men on varsity squads were exempt from R.O.T.C. This is how it worked: you tried out for a team, and if the coach thought you were good material, he took you on his squad, notified the Counsellor of Studies that you were an athlete, and you were then exempt from being a soldier. When the short season of your sport was over, you were automatically transferred to P.T.

I decided that I'd be an athlete. The next afternoon, after classes, instead of nonchalantly sneaking off the campus, I put on shorts and a sweatshirt and went to the athletic field. I found the track coach and told him that I was out for the squad.

"What are you here for?" he said.

"Track," I said, and then, catching on to what he wanted to know, I said the first thing that entered my head: "Cross-country."

"Sign the on-hand slip and take ten laps around the track to warm up," he said, and looked away.

The track circumscribed the football field and it was a long way around. After three laps, the third of which was torture, I went to the showers, dressed, and went home to sleep. The next afternoon I limped out to the field again. The coach didn't recognize me, and when he asked what I was there for, I quickly said, "Short sprints."

"Sign the on-hand slip and take ten laps around the track to warm up," he said.

That day I managed only one lap before giving up. I stayed away from the field the rest of that week; in fact, I didn't show up again until the following Wednesday.

"What are you here for?" the coach asked.

"Discus," I said.

"Take ten laps around the track to warm up," he said, but

a glimmer of recognition was in his eyes.

Thursday, I went out for football. The third assistant freshman coach looked me over and asked how much high-school football I'd played.

"None," I said.

"Beat it," he said.

Friday, I went over to the gym and reported for boxing. The coach asked my weight, told me to sign the on-hand slip and hang around. After I'd watched a few rounds of sparring, he said, "Put on the gloves with Cholly and go a few rounds."

Cholly was tough but nice; he floored

me in less than a minute, then picked me up and said, "Gee, kid, why didn't you tell me you couldn't box?"

Saturday, I went out for basketball. The following Tuesday I was told not to report back. This was typical of my experience with lacrosse, swimming, baseball, soccer, and tennis. The idea seemed to be that I was fair as a gentleman sportsman, but definitely not team material. Meanwhile I was getting increasingly uneasy. I was safe for the time being; I hadn't signed up for Military Science, so they didn't know I existed and couldn't report me absent. The same was true for Physical Training. But at mid-term, when records were sent in to the Counsellor of Studies and he discussed each freshman's program with him, I'd have to be on a squad or I'd immediately become an ex-college man.

I WAS on the point of giving myself up to the authorities when another channel of escape came to my notice. I found out that the fencing team was taking on a few inexperienced freshmen so that those who showed promise could be developed for the next year's squad.

The fencing coach was a M. Coudreau. I was inspired to talk to him in French and explained that I'd always had what amounted to a passion to learn to fence. A few days later I was definitely signed on. I slept wonderfully that night, and the next morning, instead of the usual dread that accompanied my waking, I had that delicious sense of something wonderful waiting for me.

Then an inexplicable thing happened. I was so relieved (possibly too suddenly and too easily for my own good) that I cut all my classes for a week and went to New York. I had a nice trip, but the old guilty feeling was worse than ever the Sunday night I got back to college. Monday morning, there was a letter for me in the mail, summoning me to the Dean's office.

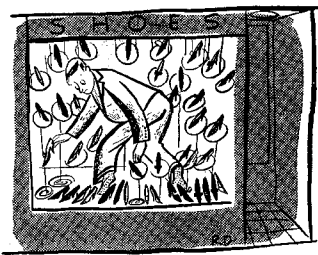
The Dean's secretary looked at me, puzzled. "You don't look the type," she said.

I told her I'd had to go to New York for a week and gave her a reason I'd been thinking up all night. I don't remember now what it was.

"Better not try that one on the Dean," she said. "He knows from Moo-soo Coudreau that you were at fencing practice every day."

I said "Huh?" stupidly, and she said, "For heaven's sake, don't you even know where you've been?"

I realized then that my French had



so endeared me to M. Coudreau that, out of a feeling of compatriotic kindness, he'd reported me present at fencing every day I'd been away.

DEAN COLLINS gave me a long, quiet going-over. His records showed I'd been absent from all classes for a week but always present at fencing. Before that I'd done mediocre classwork and my attendance had been spotty, but on-hand slips for track, boxing, basketball, baseball, tennis, swimming, lacrosse, and soccer had come in regularly. He said this was a typical example of the overemphasis on sports which was lowering the prestige and academic standing of the university. "Well, young man, what have you got to say for yourself?" he asked.

I didn't have anything to say.

"Look here," he said, "I don't want to be harsh. Is study so hateful to you? I don't disapprove of sports, but aren't you interested in any academic work at all?"

"Yes, sir," I said. "I'm interested in archeology."

"Very well," the Dean said. "I'm not going to be hard on you, but we have no room in this college for career athletes. Until your senior year you are not to participate in any sport or athletic activity. You will be assigned to Physical Training instead, but that is all. Any infringement of this ruling will be met with instant dismissal. I'm sorry, but this is my duty as I see it."

When I left the Dean's office, I walked right into a squad, or platoon, or whatever those military people call it, on their way to drill. I put my hands in my pockets and slouched along beside them until we got to the Archeology Building, where I left them for good.

All this happened many years ago, and I hope the Army will be lenient with me when they learn I don't know right face from wrong. —TRACY YORK

Dr. Melo said, however, that he might discuss with the President the so-called Sanitary Convention, which would permit the entry into the United States of Argentine hoof-and-mouth disease.—*The Times*.

No use doing this good-neighbor thing by halves.

HOW'S THAT AGAIN? DEPARTMENT

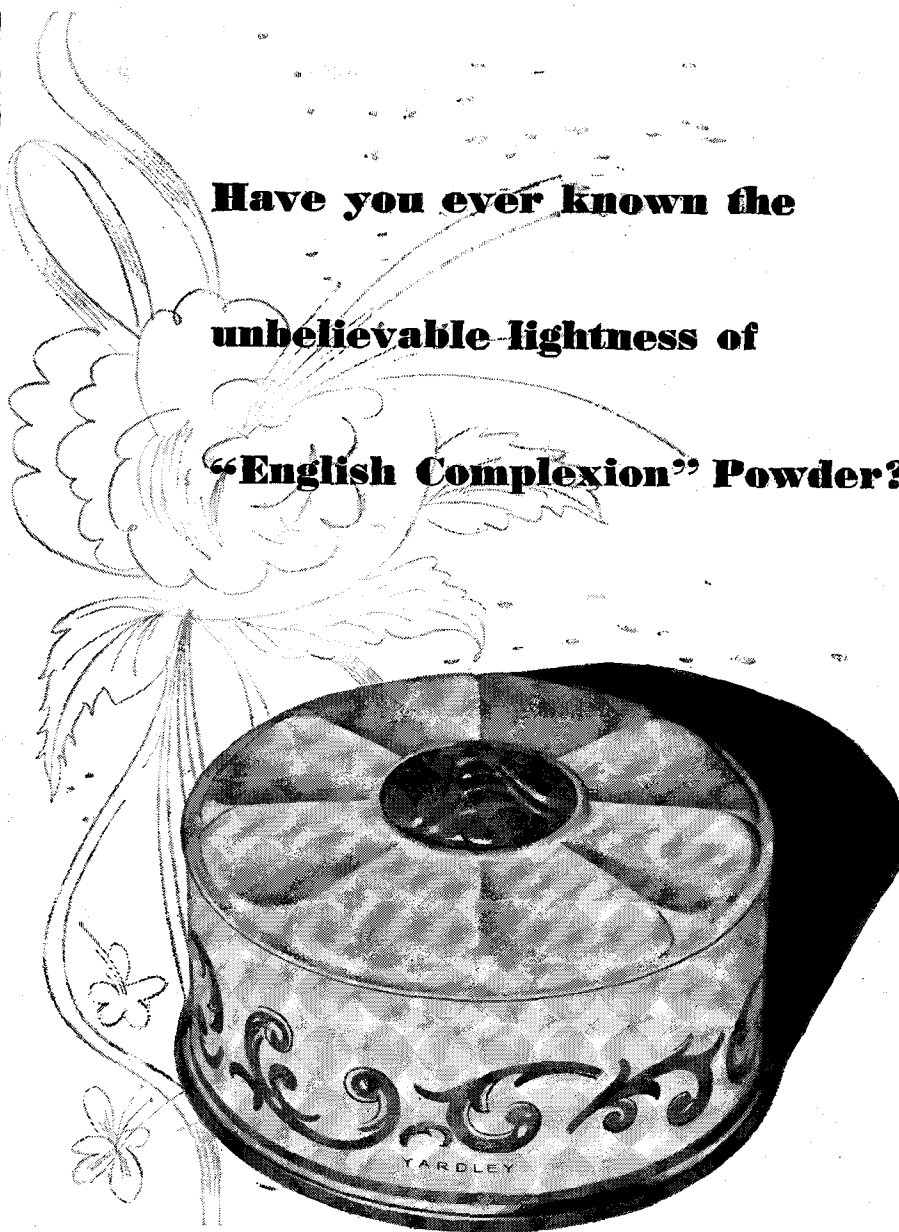
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THE ART GALLERIES

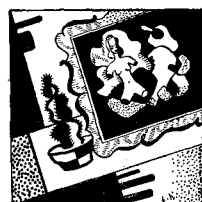
A Memorial to Paul Klee

PAUL KLEE died last June in Lugano, Switzerland, and now the Buchholz and the newly opened Willard Gallery (same floor, same building) have arranged between them a memorial show to do him honor. World conditions being what they are, this is also, I think, as close to the definitive exhibition of his work as we'll see here in some time. Something like a hundred oils, water colors, and black-and-whites are included in the collection, ranging from his curiously rococo "Portrait of a Woman," done in charcoal in 1906 (this picture, I believe, will surprise you), to a series of particularly excellent examples of his later style, executed only a year or two before his death. The pieces from the years between have also been selected to give about as good an idea as possible of the scope and richness of his talent.

That talent, as the show reveals, was slow in developing. Born in 1879, Klee studied in Germany and in Italy; he came briefly under the influence of Cézanne and Matisse, and then, in 1912, joined the German *Blaue Reiter* group, made up of such extremists as the Futurist Kandinsky, Franz Marc, and others; a year later he went to Paris, to fall in with Picasso and the other early French Cubists. What happened, apparently, was that, like many other artists in those days of fevered experimentation just before the war, he was open to too many contemporary impulses at once, and it was years before he could integrate them and put them to his own service. Certainly, in the earlier pieces, and even in those done in the postwar twenties, one sees an amazing variety of influences at work—a touch of Kandinsky, for instance, in the somewhat splashily painted "Fairy Picture with Steamer," a deft adaptation of Cubist principles in the odd "Introducing the Miracle" (in which, for the first time, it seems, his feeling for pattern takes definite form), a suggestion of Max Ernstian surrealism in the delightfully perceptive "The Twittering Machine."

But behind all this there was always that fanciful mind of his, shrewdly ironic but never malicious, urbane but never superficial, and as these qualities emerged and were reinforced by a growing sureness of style, the sense of derivation disappeared from his art; a kind

of glow appeared in his work, and with it that unique mingling of subtlety, simplicity, and sophistication which was to mark each canvas so definitely and personally as his own. You'll find plenty of paintings of this character in the show, for it's rich in fine examples of his maturer work—among them the amazing-



ly adroit "Abstract Trio," no more than a triple swirl of lines on a pale-ochre background, but which nevertheless conveys all the flow of musical harmonies; the mazy "Young Garden;" the dark little "Modest Home;" and "The Holy One," with its Greek-robed figure posed in almost ghostly transparency against a black setting. Later still, Klee's style broadened, and in the last few years of his life he was using large forms and simpler patterns in a way that suggests a reaching-out for effects of greater monumentality than any he had tried for in the past. For its promise, at least, this was perhaps his most interesting period, and the show contains a considerable selection of paintings from it. I'll mention only the grim "Strange Hunt," with its deer and hunter lost among an array of ruined arches, the richly painted "Traveling Circus," and the lovely and somehow hieratical "Holy Stones." You'll find plenty of other things in this show to admire.

I SUPPOSE there is no more than a handful of painters alive today who can portray in its fullness the true sombreness and horror of modern war. Picasso did it in his "Guernica," but only by abstracting his symbols and rendering their pattern static. Quintanilla and Otto Dix come to mind, too—especially Dix—but after that the inventory tends to bog down. Yet the peculiar fact is that among the younger painters, particularly those of the social-protest school, there seems to be hardly one who isn't convinced that if he can get enough red and yellow splashes on his canvas to signify bomb bursts and flames, can add a bomber in the sky, a fleeing family beneath, and some ruins in the background, he will have contributed one more telling illustration of the tragedy of war. What he does in most cases, however, is merely to give us the outlines of the tragedy without furnishing any true insight into its emotional core, and his failure is usually the more distressing



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because one recognizes the earnestness and sincerity and the anxious desire to convince that have gone into the painting. I mention all this because there's a group of just such canvases in the current show at the A.C.A., and I couldn't help feeling I'd seen about enough of that kind of thing. The artist is a young Midwestern painter named Savo Radulovic, and in a way it's too bad that he found it necessary to tackle such matters at all, for, despite a certain crudeness still apparent in his work, he shows in his treatment of other subjects—subjects that he obviously knows something about, as in his paintings of men at work in the steel mills—a real feeling for rhythm and dramatic design. If he'll only lay off the war until he either has a first-hand view of it or has attained the imaginative power to visualize it unaided, he may get somewhere. The show closes this Saturday.

HORACE PIPPIN, the Negro primitive artist whose paintings caused something of a stir at the Modern Museum's "Masters of Popular Painting" exhibition a couple of years ago, now is having his first one-man show in New York, at the Bignou Gallery. Precise, sharply drawn, and minutely detailed, his works have decided charm and reveal, too, a kind of natural sophistication in the use of color that is at times surprising. I liked particularly the flower pieces, such as "My Backyard," "Roses in a Jar," and the really glowing "Roses with Red Chair." This show, too, comes to an end this Saturday. . . . At the Whitney, they're again showing paintings, sculptures, and black-and-whites from the Museum's permanent collection. Except for a very few changes, it's the same group with which they closed their season last spring, but don't overlook it on that account. It was a lively, well-balanced show then, and I think you'll find it so again.

—ROBERT M. COATES

Germans increase themselves by division. In one hour as many as 15,000,000 can be produced from one germ.—*Charleston (W. Va.) Daily Mail.*

Or so it seems, anyway.

THIS WORLD OF CHANGE

[From *Dun's Bulletin*]

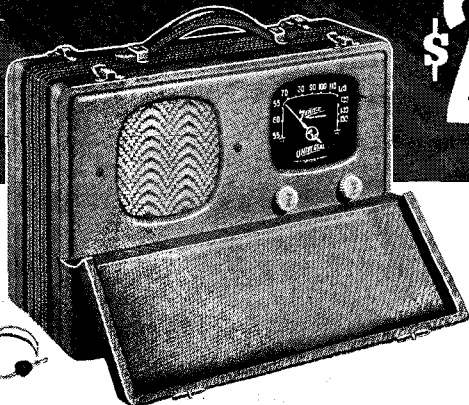
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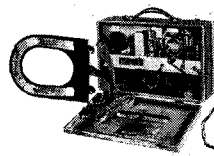
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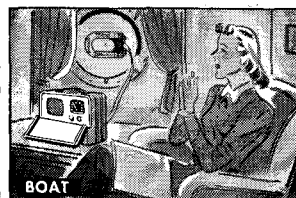
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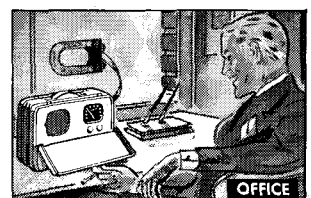
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THE CURRENT CINEMA

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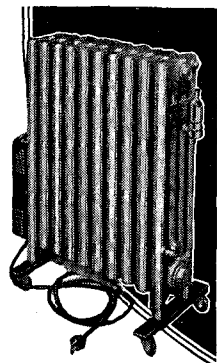


SOMEHOW we all go on being a little surprised, in spite of the reasonable explanations of the merchants, that Scotch whiskey and English woollens and European films keep turning up here. Apparently there is no end to the supply of foreign movies. There have been three, for instance, just released in town: one from France, one from England, and a long travelogue effect from, of all places, Ireland. They bear the earmark, I must say, of a certain haphazard mood, and one can easily conclude that the various persons concerned in their making—producers, directors, performers, and even cameramen—had other matters on their minds.

It would seem that the French kept their wits most on the job, for the most ambitious production of the collection is certainly Victor Francen's "The Open Road," as we have translated "Le Chemineau." The ardent devotees of "Harvest" and "The Baker's Wife" won't find "The Open Road" up to the standard of those pictures, but it may suggest somewhat the same quality. It has to do with just that farm life of pre-war France, that remote and hidden world of tiny villages off the main track of tourist trade, and it is redolent with the flavor of wheat fields and *vin ordinaire*. As the story is devised, a lapse of twenty years is required, and I have never found a plot yet with one of those lapses of twenty years in it that quite held up. No slickness or deftness helps things here, and there is something disjointed in the construction of the piece that is irritating. We are introduced to a farm and its owner and his employees, a pretty girl amongst them, busy with their usual chores. Into this group wanders a vagabond, one of those poetic tramps of fiction, who condescends to work a while, or as long, at least, as is necessary to achieve a seduction of the pretty girl. Then off he goes into space for those twenty years. Back again, he finds he has a son with an unhappy love affair and a taste for liquor. After adjusting these problems, seeing that everyone is cheerful once more, he resumes his life-long trek. Victor Francen, of an age for the rôle of the second half of the story, has to bound and leap about a good deal

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in the first section, wagging a boyish beard and being juvenile in a somewhat frenetic and upsetting fashion. The girl (Tania Fedor) has a smart, chic, and winsome style with her aprons and kerchiefs, and the subsidiary rustics have their humor and reality.

"Mozart" must have come over with the woollens, and something musty has permeated the whole business. The London Philharmonic, conducted by Sir Thomas Beecham, supplies extracts from "The Marriage of Figaro," "The Magic Flute," and the like, but otherwise all the sound is so blurred and the speech so tweedy that the story of the life of genius becomes too foggy to follow. . . . It isn't any foggy than the lecture accompanying "Here Is Ireland," spoken by a gentleman evidently not quite awake. Unless you have lived in Cork, or had a cottage in Bantry or Glendalough, or hail from Killarney, or just love very pastel Technicolor, there's nothing for you in "Here Is Ireland." The somnolent lecturer may just send you off to sleep. Sometimes, to be sure, he attempts a drowsy quip, a facetious spurt such as may occur to the completely exhausted. Some children at play inspire him to comment, surprisingly enough, that they are "singing 'London Bridge is falling down' and meaning, I fear, every word of it." One may be startled by his humor.

PATRIOTS can hardly boast of our products this week. Dick Powell doesn't sing a note but talks instead at length about marital difficulties in "I Want a Divorce." He talks mostly to Joan Blondell, who has quite a lot to say, too. The film grows rather serious about the Reno problem and its ethics and takes a stand for the good, life-long, old-fashioned marriage. I'm afraid it's not a very eloquent dissertation. . . . With lots of laboratory apparatus always in the offing, Boris Karloff turns from a noble physician into a chronic murderer in "Before I Hang." As a casual horror picture, this is childish material for the most part, but it has its gruesome spasms for those not too critical of their crime material. —JOHN MOSHER

AUCTION

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pietistic, and sluttish; his Aunt Margaret is still weeping into her whiskey; Danny himself, now an adolescent, is still haunted and broken by his sense of inferiority; and the familiar spectacle of dirt, degradation, superstition, physical brutality, and defeat is merely carried one stage further. There can be no doubt that Mr. Farrell understands his characters completely. What he completely misunderstands is that by this time we understand them quite well ourselves. Even a not oversubtle reader can take a three-volume hint.

I should add that "Father and Son" is just as good as its predecessor, and just as bad. Mr. Farrell's seriousness, powers of observation, and insight into his particular world remain unassailable. Nor does his prose change in the least. He and the Chicago school he heads are still convinced that the lower the life you describe, the flatter must be your sentences, a notion that carries to a pretty fine point the theory of correspondence between content and form. His narrative has all the rather terrifying massiveness of a long line of slowly moving freight cars, and much of their monotony.

So here's lookin' at ye, Jim, me bhoyo, and I'll have a little less of the same.

DONALD CULROSS PEATTIE, who has made nature writing seem natural to non-nature-lovers, performs a valuable service this week in rescuing John James Audubon from the monopolistic embraces of the bird-fanciers. Audubon, besides being a great painter of birds, was something very near a great man; he was certainly a great reporter of the American scene—all of it—from 1803 to 1849.

Mr. Peattie culls from Audubon's numerous and hard-to-get-at journals the freshest and liveliest of his impressions, whether of grackles or Daniel Boone. These he edits with lively insight, equips with an overmodestly entitled "Biographical Note," illustrates with seventeen full-color reproductions (fifteen in double-page size) of Audubon's paintings, and issues to the citizenry as a handsome volume called "Audubon's America." The garden-variety edition is priced at six dollars and is worth every cent of it.

—CLIFTON FADIMAN

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American Revolution. Mr. Sinclair has a quietly persuasive manner of describing a period and the persons in it, whether actual or fictional. Clark himself is drawn full-length, more like Spencer Tracy than ever.

WHO DWELL WITH WONDER, by Kathleen Coyle. The emotional entanglements of an invalid mother, her three daughters, and the men they love. The plot is mostly static and subjective, but the book is remarkable, nonetheless, for its style, which is fresh and beautiful, and for its presentation of a strong family attachment.

LIGHT SONS AND DARK, by David Cornel DeJong. A doleful story by a clever and powerful writer. It concerns the Davis family and their unsuccessful struggle to make a farm pay. There is a pious, snivelling father; a pair of no-account twin brothers; Ben, another brother, whose life was ruined when he was sixteen; and Joel, the youngest, fresh from college and determined to save his mother and Ben from poverty and degradation. Nothing cheerful about it, but a good job.

FOR OUR VINES HAVE TENDER GRAPES, by George V. Martin. A year in the life of nine-year-old Selma, the daughter of a Norwegian farmer in Wisconsin. She gets a bicycle, sees the circus go by, recites a piece at Christmas, and watches a barn burn. She is sensible, friendly, and generous. A very likable little girl, and a likable and tender book.

NO HOUR OF HISTORY, by Elisabeth Ford. The life and family background, from 1630 to the present, of Victoria Ash, born in Iowa just before the Civil War. Told in a semi-biographical style, with the aid of actual letters and much contemporary detail. Would have been better without the author's omniscient comments on what happened in the past.

TIGER, TIGER, by Max White. The life in Paris, Spain, and New York and the professional difficulties of a painter married to a concert pianist. Along with lots of true talk, in a sharp, staccato style, about art and the business of selling pictures, Mr. White has included many of the clichés of novels about artists, and his hero, egocentric and brutal, is cut on the familiar Gauguin pattern.

TRANSIT U.S.A., by W. L. River. A picaresque novel about a boy named Curly, an innocent from Buena-vista Island, off the California coast, who wanted only to run his glass-bottomed boat, and his quest for the



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rich and powerful Mr. Borland, who had promised that he would not be interfered with. A fable of America in all its contradictions, with a Don Quixote in modern dress for a hero.

STRIPLING, by Youel B. Mirza. A strange novel about the pastoral tribes of Persia, who live now as they have lived for two thousand years. Oriental in color and temper, and amazingly removed from the contemporary and the familiar.

GENERAL

THE WAVE OF THE FUTURE, by Anne Morrow Lindbergh. In this short homily, Mrs. Lindbergh suggests that even "those barbarisms I oppose from the bottom of my heart" in Italy, Germany, and Russia may be symptoms of a new world struggling to be born and that we too must face this new world, not by attacking the totalitarians but by domestic reform conceived in the spirit of our fundamental principles.

SERGE DIAGHILEV, by Serge Lifar. Comprehensive biography of the great ballet master by a dancer who was his protégé—in effect, a gossip history of the European arts during the first thirty years of the century. A fascinating work, touched with that slightly lunar immodesty you may have learned to expect from Russian artists. Illustrated.

THE PRESIDENT MAKERS, by Matthew Josephson. In this readable history of "an age of enlightenment" (1896-1919), the author of "The Robber Barons" makes politics rather than economics the theme of his period and traces the influence of Mark Hanna, Lodge, Brandeis, House, and others on the careers and policies of McKinley, Theodore Roosevelt, Taft, and Wilson. A superb job, in which many of the problems of our own time are forecast and analyzed.

TRAGEDY IN FRANCE, by André Maurois, translated by Denver Lindley and F. L. Ludman. Mr. Maurois, now in this country, writes a grave and moving account of his observations as a liaison officer with the British before and after the fall of France. Lack of preparation was the main factor in the collapse, he thinks, aided by internal disunity and a breakdown of morale.

OUR FUTURE IN ASIA, by Robert Aura Smith. A *Times* man who has spent twenty years in the Far East presents a thorough description of the geography, resources, history, and strategic problems of the South China Sea area, which includes the Philippines,

TRELAWNY

"A BIOGRAPHY THAT INCLUDES ALL THE CHARMS AND VIVACITIES OF FICTION REMAINS THE BEST ENTERTAINMENT IN PRINT." (*)

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author of "FANNY KEMBLE"

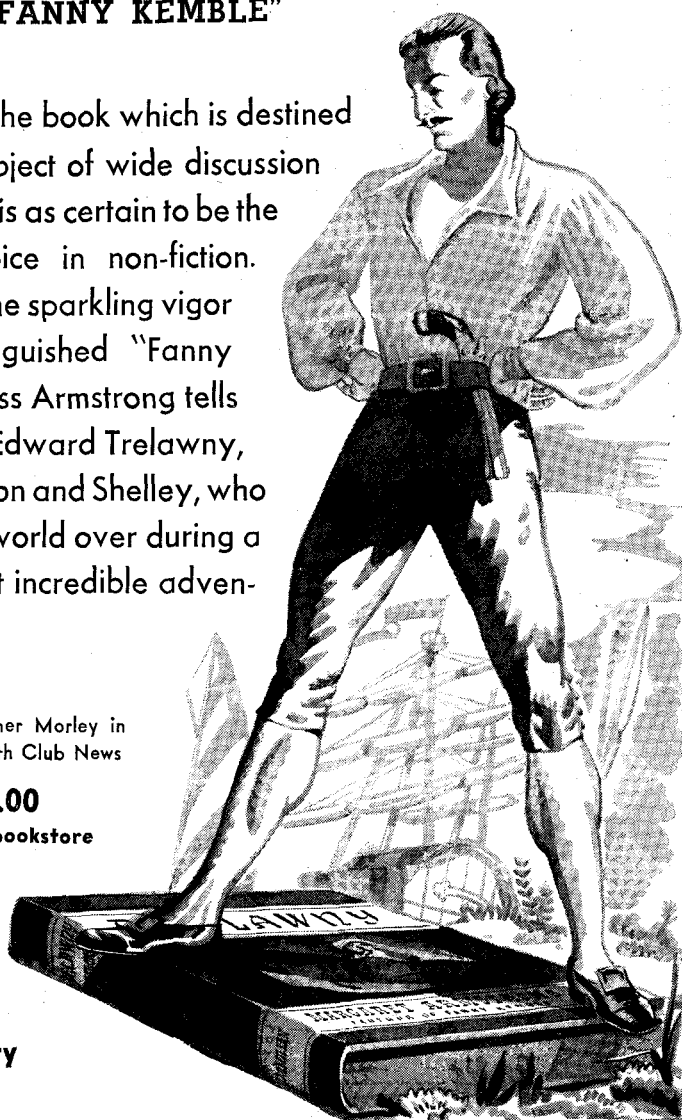
This is the book which is destined to be the subject of wide discussion this Fall, and is as certain to be the popular choice in non-fiction. With the same sparkling vigor which distinguished "Fanny Kemble," Miss Armstrong tells the story of Edward Trelawny, friend of Byron and Shelley, who ranged the world over during a life of almost incredible adventure.

(*) Christopher Morley in
Book of Month Club News

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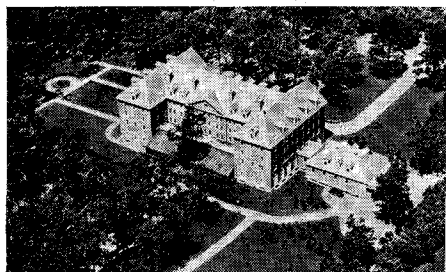
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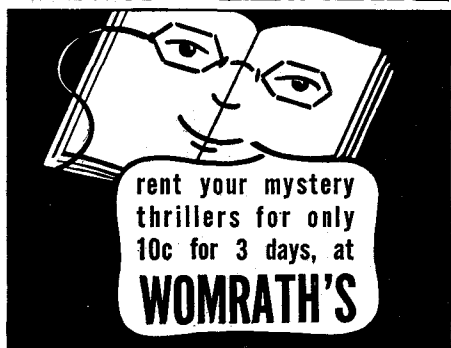
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giving special attention to the activities of Japan. He thinks we should defend the *status quo* in that part of the world, even if we have to do it alone. Maps.

GEM OF THE PRAIRIE, by Herbert Asbury. The author carries on with his informal social history of American cities from the bottom up, this time taking a look-see at the distinguished Chicago underworld that fostered such notables as Al Capone, the Everleigh sisters, and the Bengal Tiger. Very gaudy, with maps and pictures to match, but its *American Mercury* vigor seems dated.

EUROPE AND THE GERMAN QUESTION, by F. W. Foerster. Written by an anti-Prussian Prussian scholar, this is a profound study of Germany, demonstrating the disastrous continuity of its history and pointing out how the nation has distorted its true social mission. A book to be studied, not hastily read.

BOOKS ALIVE, by Vincent Starrett. "A profane chronicle of literary endeavor and literary misdemeanor, with an informal index by Christopher Morley." An amiable freshet of literary gossip, a sort of modern supplement to the elder D'Israeli's "Curiosities of Literature."

LETTER FROM ENGLAND, by Mollie Panter-Downes. The detailed and direct story of one woman's year—from September 3, 1939, to September 14, 1940—mostly in London but somewhat, too, in the country thereabouts. A collection of the London Letters which have appeared in *The New Yorker*.

VERSE

A POCKETFUL OF WRY, by Phyllis McGinley. Another volume of light verse, and light verse is a great help to many these days. Much of it appeared first in this magazine.

THE ARROW AT THE HEEL, by Raymond Holden. New verses by the author of "Natural History," including a canon of fifty love sonnets. The author's narrow range of diction tends to limit his effects, but such poems as "Lie Down! Lie Down!" and "Country Cupboard" reveal a sound, conservative technique. Reprinted from *The New Yorker* and other magazines.

Incendiary bombs dropped on the edge of another Midlands town set fire to Gorse and Bracken.—From a war summary in the *Washington Post*.

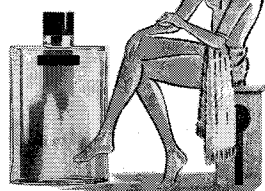
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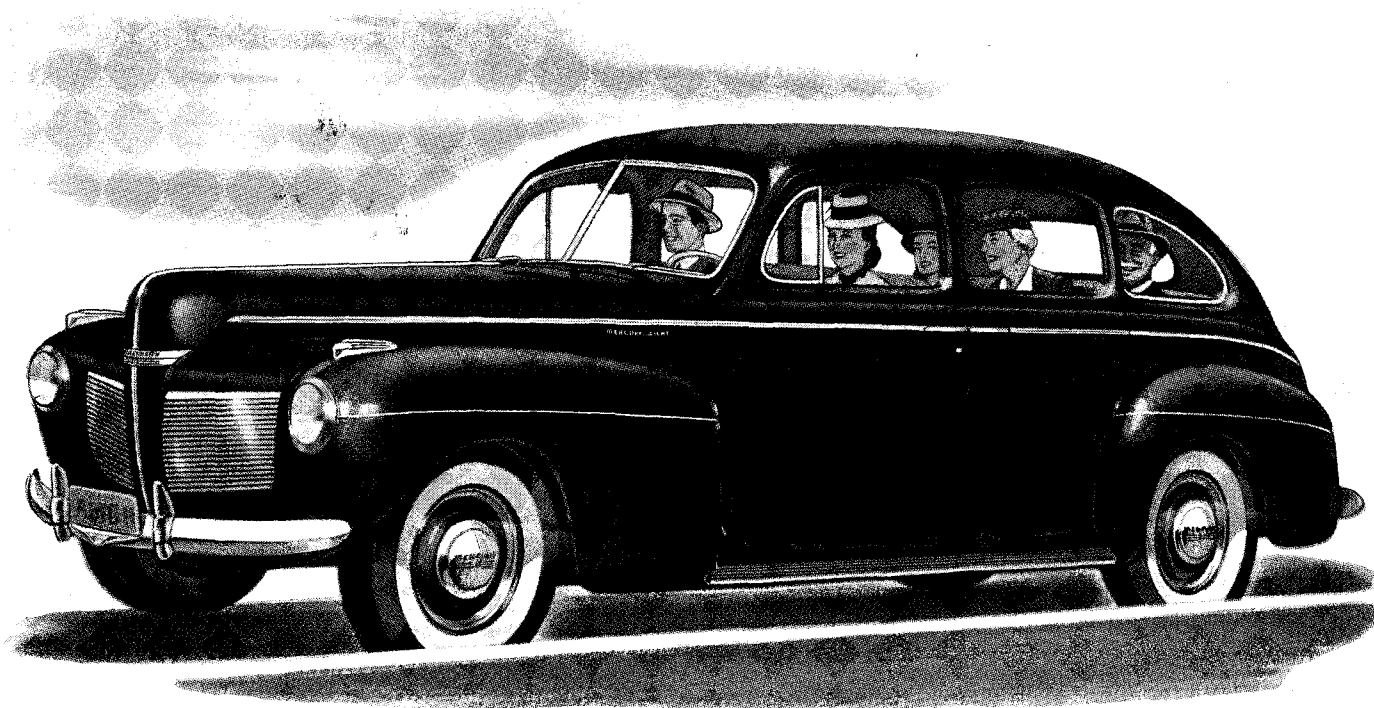
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